

# DRUMMER

## SLEAZY TRICKS

PLUS

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Jack Fritscher  
on Tricking

Photos from  
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**"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music that he hears, however measured and far away" -- Henry David Thoreau**

**Issue #204  
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**#204****Tricking**

is the urban version of big game hunting. Watch the wild beasts gather at the watering hole. Feel the thrill of the chase. Add another trophy to your drawer of forgotten names and numbers written on cocktail napkins, business cards and matchbooks. The scent of leather hits your nostrils, your senses bristle. In the dark, someone has you in their sights -- you are both hunter and prey.

These are one-night captures, without past or future, to be turned loose sometime before morning. Between now and the dawn there is illusion, pain, sweat, catharsis and release.

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DRUMMER (ISSN 1055-7415) June 1997, is published monthly in the U.S. for \$59 (\$120 outside of the U.S. with U.S. funds) per 12-issue subscription by Desmodus, Inc., 2354 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Periodical postage paid at San Francisco, CA.  
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DRUMMER, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390. Orders accepted by MasterCard, Visa, American Express at 415-252-1195.

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On the cover: Photo by Vivid Video  
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# TOUGH GUYS

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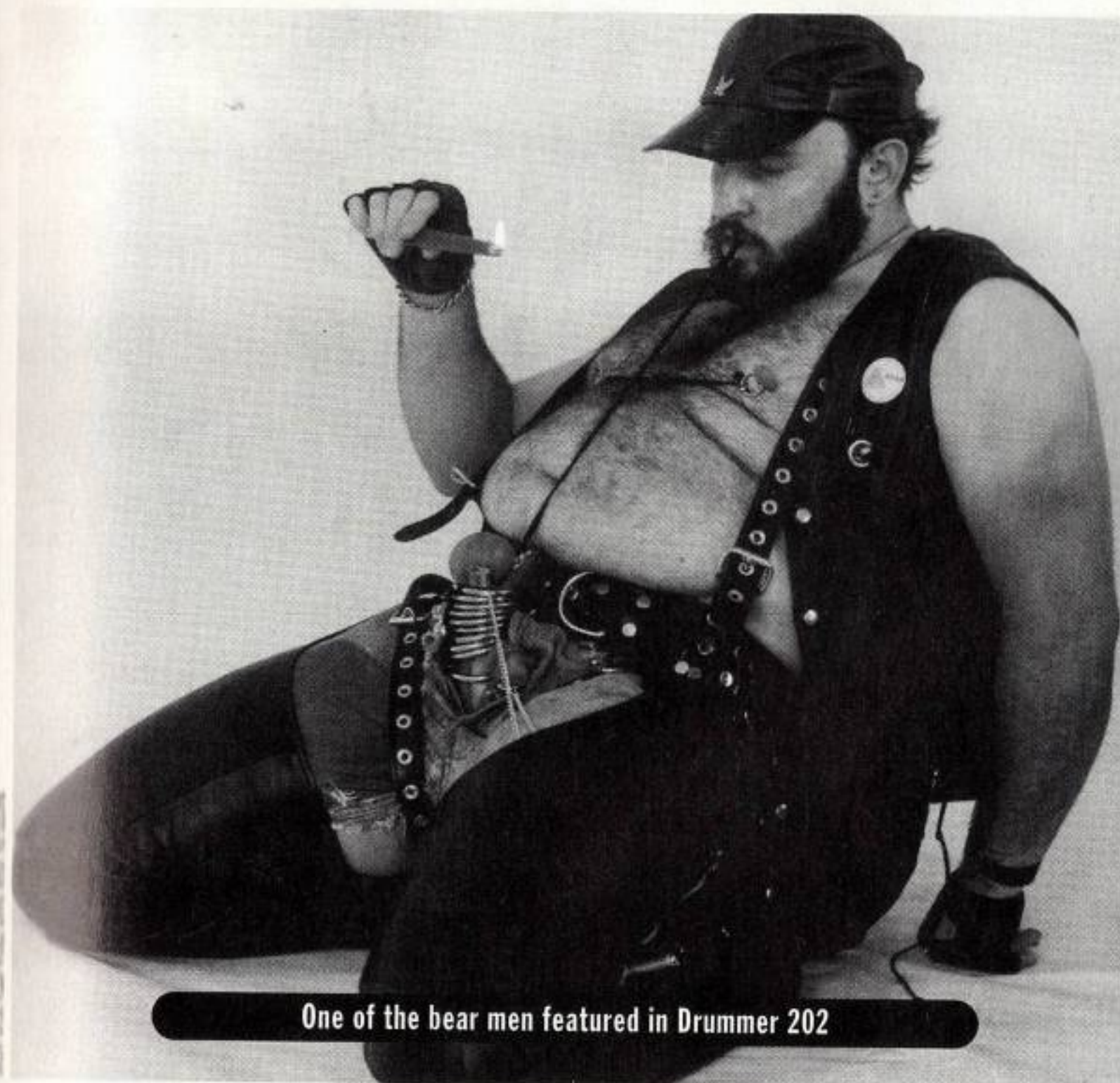
Finally, the most recognised name in getting together the roughest, horniest men for raw sex comes to cyberspace. Drummer's new website puts to sea in May with a full compliment of news, sex and subsurface links. Constantly changing, hot features will keep your torpedo ready to fire! Choose cruising depth or dive for all the action!

**DON'T MISS THE SHIP, GET ONBOARD THE DIVE TODAY!**

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One of the bear men featured in Drummer 202

## The Real Thing

This slave would like to address those who place ads in the classified section and those who read them. To be blunt - they work. This slave searched for about 5 years in earnest as did my Master - for about nine years. We were looking for "The Real Thing."

With my Master's approval, this slave will share our experience of hunting for a needle in a hay stack. Recently this slave browsed through an issue of Drummer, hoping to find the right ads that would inspire me. For a while none were too awe inspiring.

Then in issue #199 (Lick My Boots, Suck My Toes), I found the ad that was for me. I called. Since that first nervous conversation, this slave has become the proud slave of my new Master, and will be adopted, taking his last name along with a new name he is selecting. It is a two in a million match.

For those of you who haven't

found what you are looking for, please have patience. This slave is twenty-five and had been searching for what seemed like an eternity. You must endure the trials and tribulations of bogus responses and those just looking to get their jollies off (and believe me there are many). But, if you stick it out, there will be a reward waiting for you.

My Master and I send our many thanks to you and your magazine for the service it provides. We will be in touch in the future with more details for you and your readers to enjoy!

jM

Clovis, CA

## Hard to Get Good Help

Do tell me how, in the Drumbeat section of Issue #202 (Hot, Hairy, Horny Bears), you cover an event - Freeze and Sleaze - that did not occur???

FR

Chicago, IL

Ed. Hmm. Remember that staff member who spelled "Locker room" incorrectly on the cover of our Jock Issue? (Drummer 193) and turned the hot leather guys on the back of Tough Customers #12 into blue leather Smurfs? AND remember our "orange phase" when all our cover men looked rather. . .overcooked? (issues 197 and 198 - personally I refer to this period as our Warhol phase). Well, we gave that damn fool one last chance and he blew it. He went and made up a non-event so we made him a non-employee. (But not before he turned one of our hot phone line models into a green alien (Drummer 201). Man is it hard to get good help nowadays.)

## Leather Bears Track Real Men

I want to thank you and congratulate you on Issue #202 (Hot, Hairy, Horny Bears!) and Tough Customers 14, both of which arrived the other day. I had ordered both (along with a classified ad to appear in an upcoming issue of Drummer) through the special offer you made to all us bears who attended International Bear Rendezvous 1997. (San Francisco).

For my money, Drummer #202 is one of the hottest issues you've done in a long time! And that's really saying something - you guys have been doing some hot stuff in the last year or two! Thanks for recognizing that there's more to the leather scene than just smooth-shaved steroid-pumped blond California surfer-god-wannabes - some of us leather bears actually look like and appreciate REAL MEN! HT

San Francisco, CA

...

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**Photos from the Vivid Video film, "Dax"**

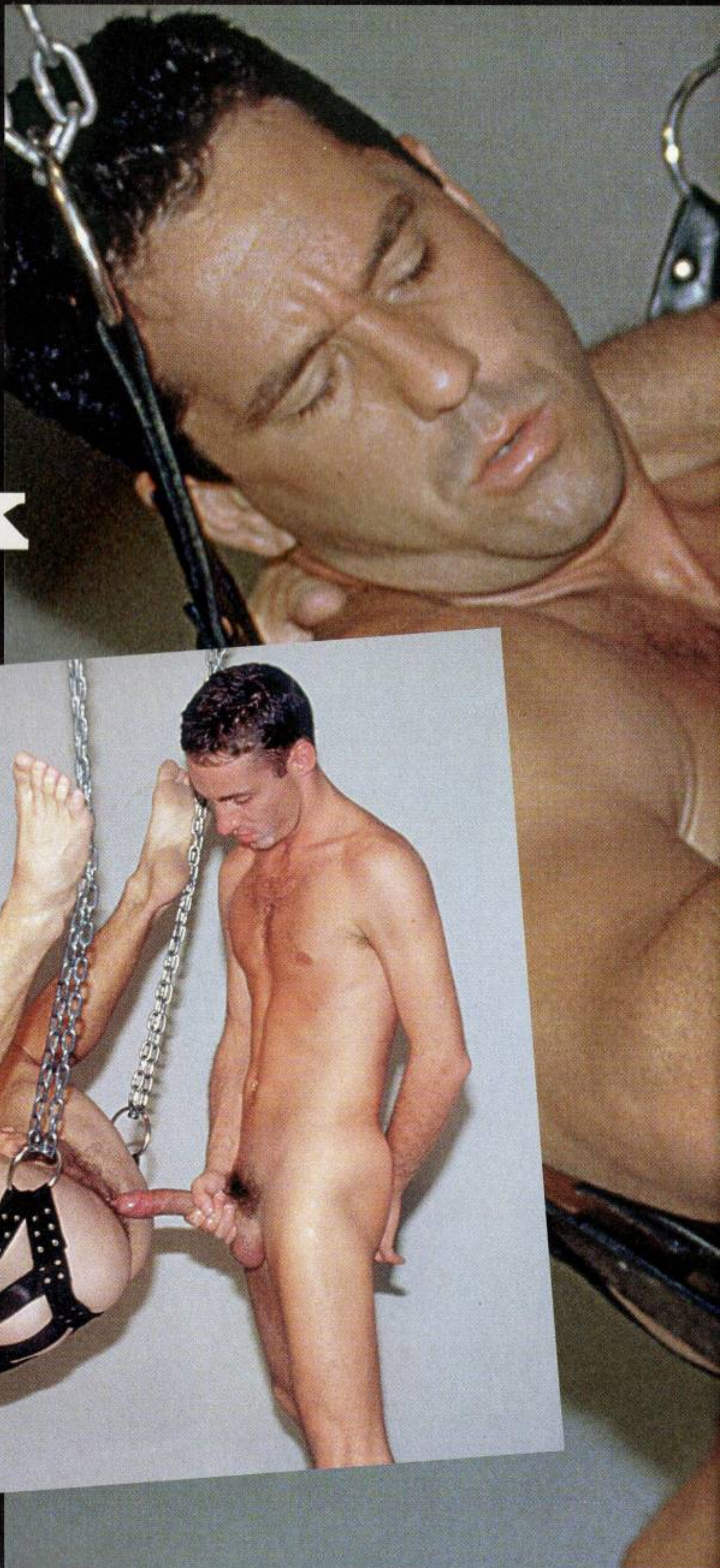


# TRICK LICK





# TRICK LICK



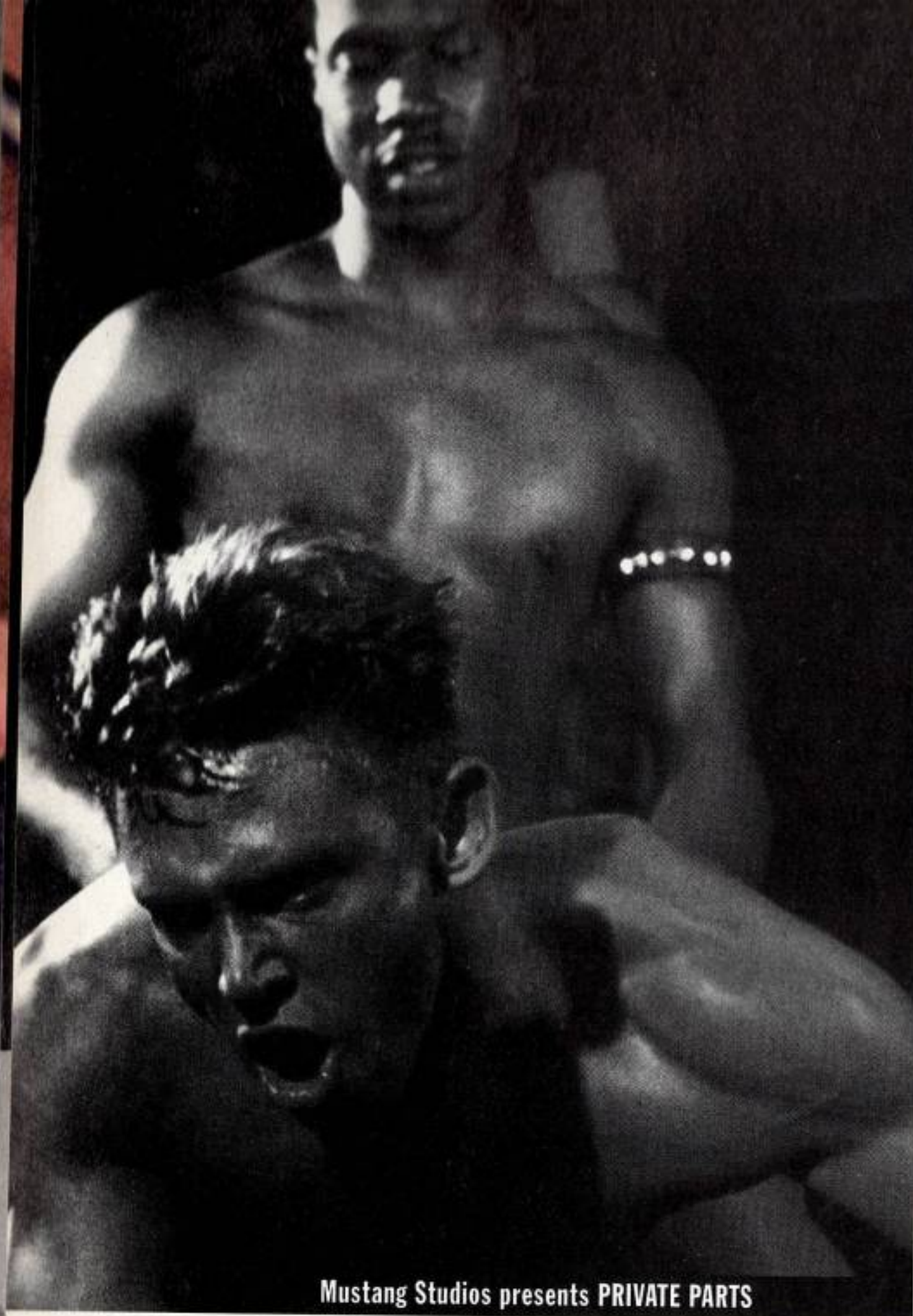






# Tops and Cops

PORN REVIEWS BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN



Mustang Studios presents PRIVATE PARTS

## Private Parts

*Mustang Studios. Directed by Chi Chi LaRue. Videography by John Rutherford. Edited by Delta Productions. Starring Dillon Colt, Doug Jeffries, Kevin Kramer, Nicolas Moore, Vince Skyler, Peter Dixon, Steve Pierce, Sven, Troy Maxwell, and Will Clarke. To order write Mustang Studios, P.O. Box 420788, San Francisco, CA 94142-0788.*

Mustang Studios is known for high-quality porn that pushes the "mainstream" envelope just a bit. They don't do hard-core raunch, but every now and then they do get raunchy. "Private Parts" fits right into that tradition. The first scene is one-on-one vanilla sex. The only thing "wild" about it is that it takes place in a sex club, and even that's commonplace in porn these days. Other than being group scenes, the sex in the last two segments is just as ordinary as in the first. There are some excellent perfor-

mances - such as the one given by the gorgeous Will Clarke - but nothing of much interest to the Drummer audience.

The second scene featuring Doug Jeffries and Steve Pierce is quite unlike the rest of "Private Parts." For reasons having to do with a rather silly and unimportant plot device, Pierce is really horny for killer sex with his partner Jeffries. Jeffries doesn't just fuck Pierce. He

fucks him with any number of things - his penis, a very large dildo, and some heavy chains. We all know that Pierce can get down and dirty. If you haven't seen his previous work, you could guess as much just by looking at him. Jeffries' performance, on the other hand, is more of a surprise. Jeffries plays the reluctant boyfriend in the video, and he's not famous for kinky performances. On the contrary, he generally excels in the more "romantic" roles. That's what makes it so satisfying to see him jump right into going the extra mile with Pierce.

The fact that Pierce and Jeffries play a couple who like to play a little rough makes the scene even better. The rule of thumb in porn is that the rougher or more extreme the sex involved, the less relationship the men have with each other. There's absolutely nothing wrong with casual or even anonymous sex. In fact, there's a whole lot right with it. Still,

it's nice to see something done differently in a video. The novelty alone makes the scene more interesting.

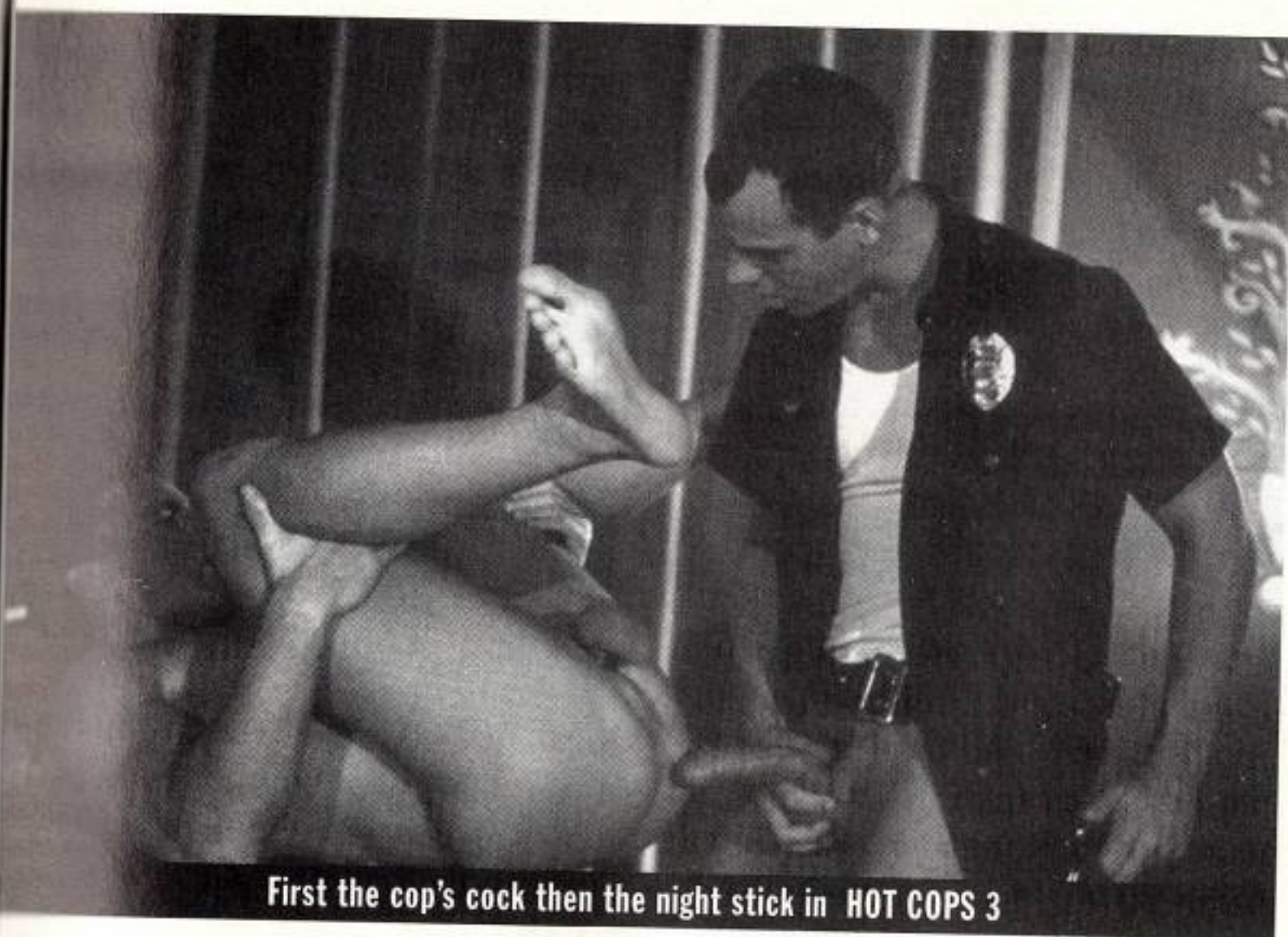
## Hot Cops 3: The Final Assault!

*Centaur Films. Produced by Jan Geniuk and Jack Hazzard. Directed by Chip Daniels. Written by Shane Nels. Edited by Chip Daniels. Starring M Bradshaw, Steve O'Donnell, K.C. Ho Max Grand, Tony Brandon, Sw William, Chad Donovan, Kyle McK Adam Rom, Eric York, and Chip Dani (in a nonsexual role). To order wr Centaur Films, 11684 Ventura Blv Suite 921, Studio City, CA 91604.*

From the title, one would think that "Hot Cops 3: The Final Assault!" was the last video of a trilogy. This doesn't seem to be the case. In the end, just as a scene is beginning, the words "to be continued" appear on the screen. Despite the cliffhanger, this video doesn't really depend on a plot. You can see "Hot Cops 3" without having seen the first two, and you won't necessarily want to rush out and get the fourth one after seeing the one. That's not to say that "Hot Cops 3" is a bad video. It's just not a great one.

Most of the sex in this video is pretty standard and the acting in the nonsexual scenes is beyond wooden. There are a few good moments. It may be a cliché to use a nightstick as a dildo in a cop-themed video, but it always works. There's simply something indescribably sexy about it. It's so perfect that one wonders if that's what the designer of the nightstick really had in mind. As if that weren't enough, Steve O'Donnell also puts his big, hefty utility flashlight to good use. O'Donnell's partner (in the police sense, not in the lover way) M Bradshaw also shows he can wield a dildo. He's lucky enough to play with the totally yummy Kyle McKena (whos





First the cop's cock then the night stick in **HOT COPS 3**

name is spelled "McKenna" in other videos). McKenna is one of the hottest bottoms working in porn, and he can take a good pounding with a sizable dildo. That alone is worth seeing.

### Wet Fantasies

*Close-Up Productions. Produced by Steve Johnson. Directed by Steve Walker and Michael White. Starring Michael White, Dallas Taylor, David Thompson, Donnie Russo, Bryan Kidd, and Spike. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.*

If you are a Donnie Russo fan, see "Wet Fantasies." His performance in this video is classic Russo. After a brief set-up scene with some great Russo acting, he does what he does best. He wrestles, he dishes out verbal abuse, he talks dirty, and he fucks. All of this takes place in a hotel bathroom, and much of it is in the bathtub. His partner in the scene (I think it's Spike - the performers aren't very well identified in the credits) is almost inconsequential. Russo dominates the action and not just because he's the top. The scene is all about him and his style.

If you are not a Donnie Russo fan, there's not much to recommend about "Wet Fantasies." Other than his scene, this video is rather poorly made. The overall technical quality is low. Most of the scenes are awkward and slow. The

final scene featuring Bryan Kidd (usually a great performer) alone in a shower appears to have been tacked on at the last minute. It ends very abruptly without Kidd having shot a load. Even if shower fantasies really turn you on, "Wet Fantasies" will probably disappoint.

### Sex Hostage

*Projex Video (produced in association with Close-Up Productions). Starring Joe Romero, Marc Pierce, Rick Estephan, Patrick Ives, Eric Evans, and David Thompson. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.*

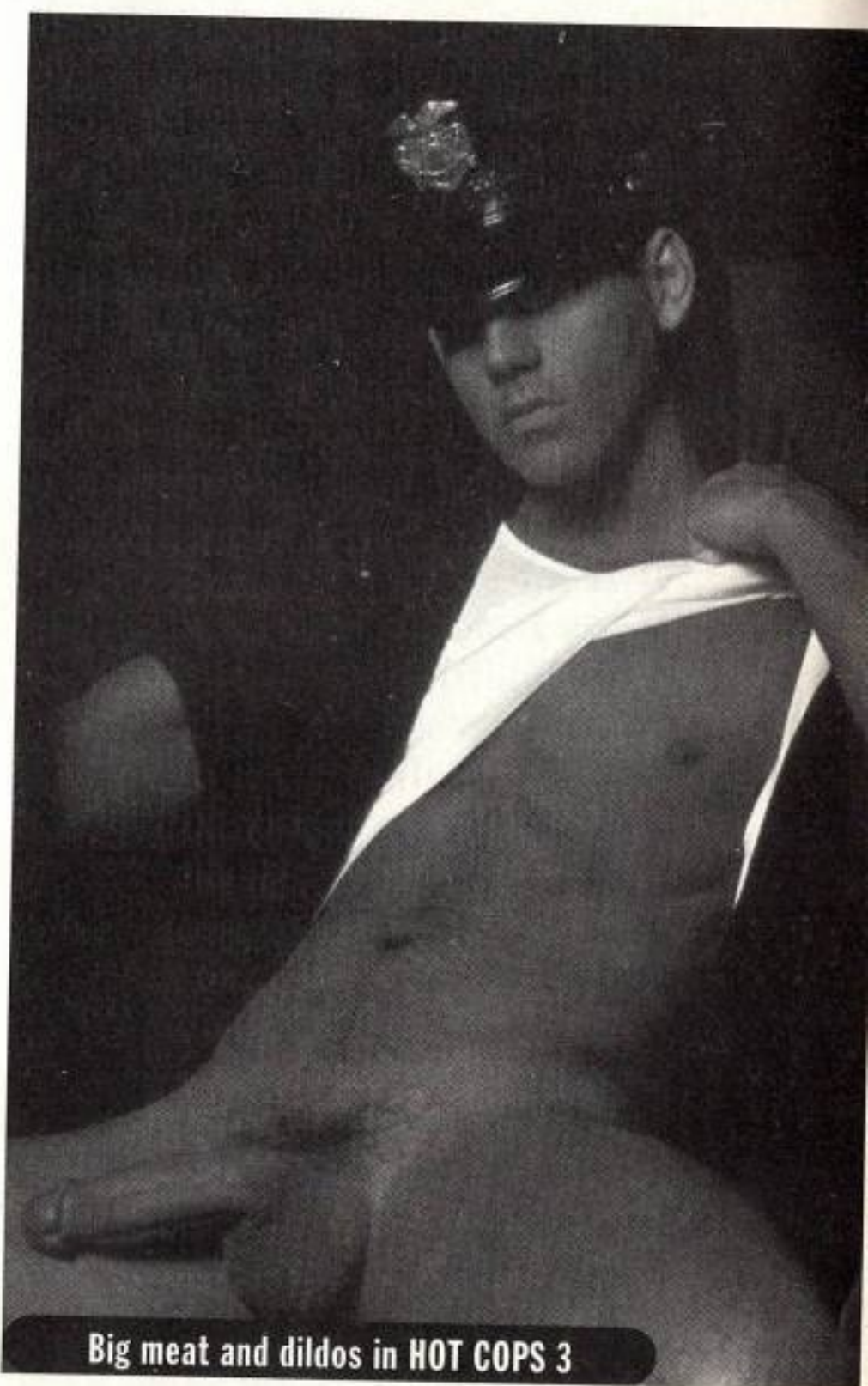
"Sex Hostage" is somewhat mistitled. There are actually two sex hostages in the video. Rick Estephan and Patrick Ives kidnap Eric Evans and David Thompson. While waiting for the ransom money, the captors take advantage of their hostages. The action starts out very promising. Evans and Thompson are bound, and Estephan and Ives deliver some whipping and other abuse. At one point, the torture involves more clothes pins than you can count. Just when things are getting really good and nasty, everything changes. Suddenly, "Sex Hostage" becomes a vanilla video featuring standard, mainstream sex. Why didn't the videomakers keep on the raunchy track? It's hard to tell. Projex Video and Close-Up

Productions have done more hard-core stuff, so that's not the issue. Perhaps the performers are a bit too middle-of-the-road to take things farther. In any case, it's a shame. What begins as an excellent B&D video evolves into something much more pedestrian.

On a different note, the best moment in "Sex Hostage" is both nonsexual and unintentionally comic. Ives receives a call on his cell phone from either the police or the people who are going to pay the ransom, and he arranges the drop off. I could be wrong, but I would guess that kidnappers rarely give their phone numbers to the authorities. The plot of a porn movie is, of course, secondary at best, but it shouldn't be so ill-conceived that it's ridiculous. That detracts from the sex.

### One Last Note

Have you seen the new Versace ads featuring Dan O'Brien? They have turned the cute, smiling athlete into a smoldering sex god. Who says fags don't have enough power in our society?



Big meat and dildos in **HOT COPS 3**



# Music To Fuck By

MUSIC REVIEWS BY KEVIN JOHN

Tastes in sounds and sex are so intensely personal that combining both on a single release is bound to please no one all of the time. So let me state right off that I make no claims as to the 100% effectiveness of any of the selections below in enhancing your next fuck session. It is merely an attempt to guide you towards new possibilities for your fluid exchange program.

For foreplay, I suggest what most people I know fuck to anyway: smooth make-out music like Roxy Music's torchy travelogue *Avalon* or the R&B/soul burn of Al Green (check out his 4-disc boxed set *Anthology on The Right Stuff*), D'Angelo's *Brown Sugar*, Maxwell's *Urban Hang Suite* or *Love Deluxe* by Sade (definitely not as in the Marquis de so I'd leave this in the foreplay realm). All are ambient enough to keep in the background but sexy enough to move the heavy petting closer to some oral action and penetration.

A collection of songs about the act itself that actually works is Rhino's *Risque Rhythm* - a compilation of "nasty 50's R&B" which delivers a raunch-n-roll specific enough in its horniness to inspire some filthy humping. The sax in Wynonie Harris' "Wasn't That Good"

is the sleaziest I've ever heard but his pussy-juice paean, "Keep On Churnin'," might make a nice accompaniment for those who like to make a mess with sweat, jism, piss, shit, dick cheese or whatever else you care to fling around.

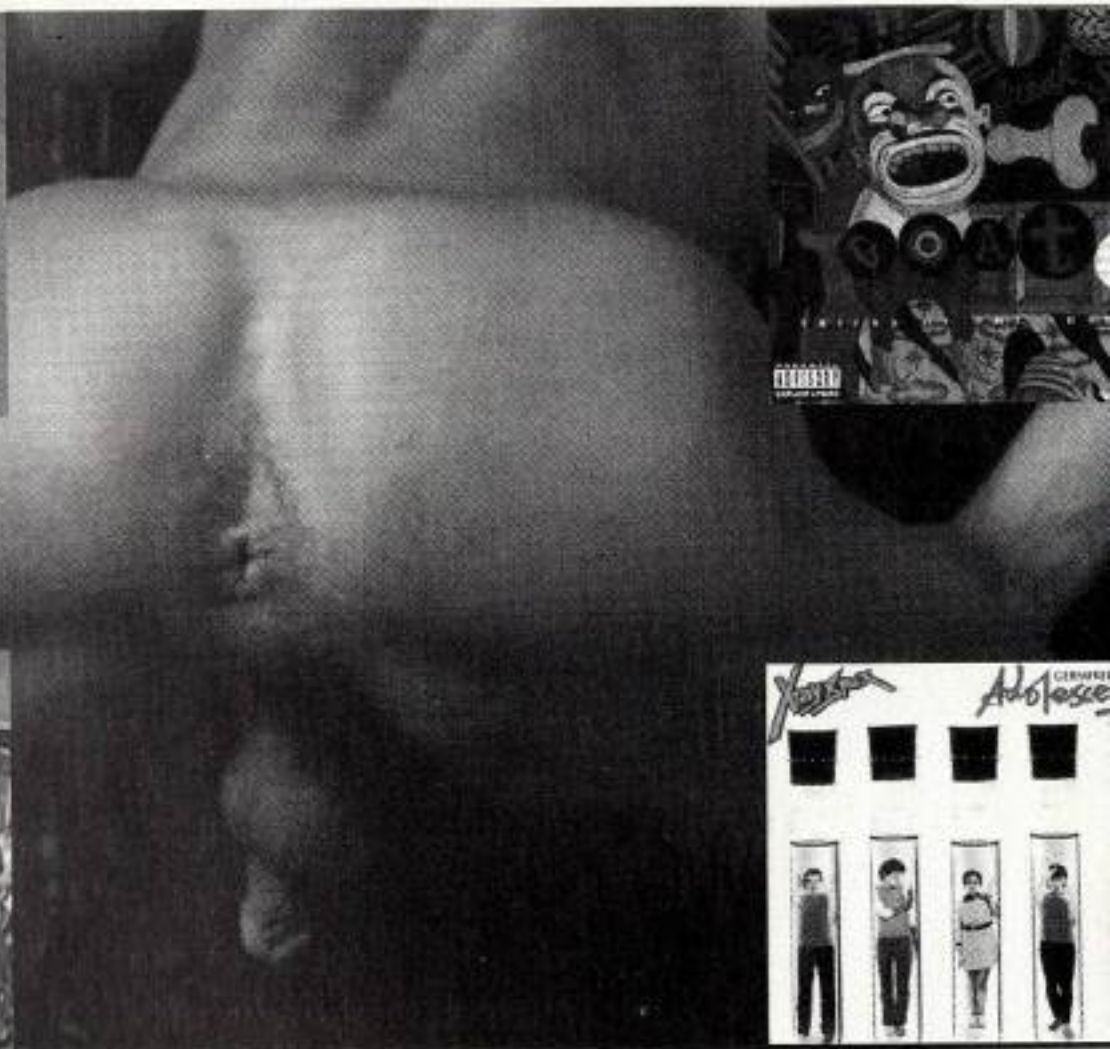
The spaces where bully-boys are encouraged to come together aren't very plentiful but on albums like The Misfits' *Walk Among Us*, classic Oi compilations like *Strength Thru Oi!* and *Oi! - The Album*, Rancid's *And Out Come The Wolves* and practically anything by the Clash, they get to sing together and the way they join voices brings a rise to the johnson every time.

There's an equally powerful homoerotic appeal to rap albums like the Beastie Boys' *License To Ill*, The Goats' *Tricks of the Shade* and the *Judgement Night* soundtrack. My most nagging sex fantasy is merely to have all three Beasties at one dick-sitting. I'd like to start off with a friendly circle suck but I couldn't bear the thought of any one Beastie not being able to get a piece of me simultaneously with the other two. So, instead, my boy Ad-Rock would work his fuck-root harder and harder in and out of my hole to the beat of the "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves" chant in "Rhymin' and Stealin'"

while the others tongue-bathe me each chant gets louder and louder. Then perhaps we could schedule the aforementioned circle suck with their longtime cohort, Ricky Power.

After three hours of that, the boys would fall asleep with their cocks in each other's asses while Ad-Rock gently wakes me up so he can position his ass-ring down over my tongue and clench down so hard that I can't even pull it out. After an hour of this tug-of-war, I slip my reawakened stiffness up his saliva-soaked canal of carnality to more mellowed out grooves like *Check Your Head*.

Whew! There's a wealthy neighborhood near my apartment where it seems as if 60% of all the preppy boys who graduate high school become hippies. So once you lead them to your place with the best ganja in town and get them stoned out of their minds, proceed to seduce with the stoner vibes of alternarapper Justin Warfield's *Field Trip To Planet 9*, the Butthole Surfers' *Independent Worm Salvo* and (what the hell - it's still incredibly sexy after all these years) Jimi Hendrix Experience's *Are You Experienced?* If they object, wait until they conk out and start sucking their Birkenstock stained toes up





they're fucking raisins.

For fisting, the more frightening the atmosphere the better and no music has ever scared the shit out of me like the Virgin Prunes. I first heard of them when I was 13 and eventually came up with the "Pagan Love Song" 12" on Rough Trade. However, at 13, I had never heard of a 12" and played it on 33. Out came werewolf howls, backwards screaming, and growling grunts which sounded appropriate coming from the two zombies (make-up by the Pig Children) on the cover. I wasn't going to Hell for listening to this music; I was already there. Your butt will know no boundaries. For the record, it's not very friendly at 45 either. Christopher Rage, take note.

Also on the haunted tip: Phuture's acid house milestone "Your Only Friend" which starts out with a slowed-down voice intoning "This is cocaine speaking" and includes sped-up, scary moaning. Don't play this 12" at the wrong speed or you'll lose the effect. Then there's Jandek. Little is known about him and he won't grant interviews. He's released at least one record a year since 1981 with the same type of grainy, tossed-off photos on every cover. Musically, he sounds like Robert Johnson would were he a Pussy Galore fan. The last one I've heard is *Graven Image* (Corwood P.O.B. 15375 Houston, TX 77220) but *Modern Dances* is a primitive, amateurish scrape of an album that's so oppressive, it'll make you think someone is bound and gagged against their will in the room with him and the tape recorder.

With SM, where more emphasis is placed on performance and role playing, music is often relegated to soundtrack or mood-enhancing function. Instead of bullshit new age, obvious classical music (or the Yequally obvious "Master and Servant" by Depeche Mode) or kink nigma (theoretically fascinating but as goofy and mood-ruining as

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**FOR FOREPLAY, I SUGGEST WHAT  
MOST PEOPLE I KNOW FUCK TO ANY-  
WAY: SMOOTH MAKE-OUT SOUNDS  
LIKE ROXY MUSIC'S TORCHY  
"AVALON" OR THE R&B SOUL  
BURN OF AL GREEN.**

---

Meco's disco version of "The Wizard of Oz"), I propose a sonic drapery with more meat on the bones. Tricky's *Maxinquaye* arrived at a engrossing synthesis of sexy and irritating that no trip-hopper has come close to replicating. His latest, *Pre-Millennium Tension*, includes "Tricky Kid," a spooky rap which would work great for stripping (flesh or clothes). So would "Cemetery" off of PiL's *Metal Box* (reissued for non-millionaires as *Second Edition*) - three twelve inches in a metal film container. Hearing former Sex Pistol John Lydon's final denial years later, I'm surprised how well it stands up to a good ass thrashing. "Albatross" even comes complete with some insults along the lines of "I've seen you up far too close" and "You are unbearable" to keep that worthless, piece-of-shit slave in place.

If you're not lucky enough to have a dungeon, dub will transform the straightest suburban living room into a cavern for ya. Dub originated in subtracting certain elements out of a reggae mix and adding enormous waves of reverbed echo. A good recent dub is Mad Professor and Le "Scratch" Perry's *Dub Take The Voodoo Out Of Reggae* (Ras Box 42517, Washington, DC 20015).

The Velvet Underground's "Venus in Furs" is one of the few songs about SM that sounds great in the SM background, as is "Walk the Night" by the Skatt Brothers (Casablanca) which was an under-

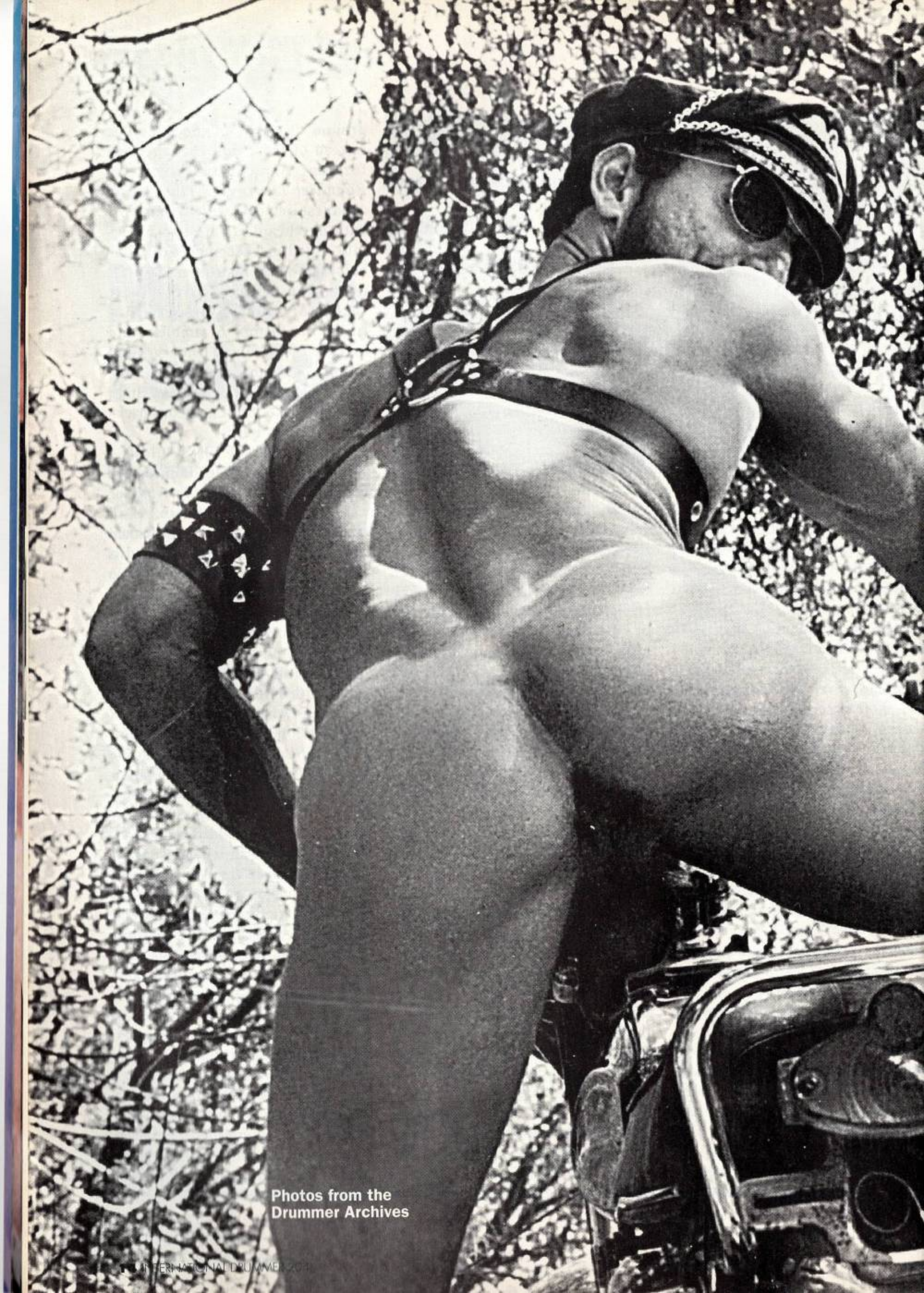
ground disco hit in the late 70's. Instead of those dull chant records for that Inquisition flavor, try *Buddhist Liturgy of Tibet* (King Japanese import) which starts off with overheard chants and breaks into a godforsaken racket of cymbals and wind instruments that'll catch you unaware every time. "Ocean of Sound" (Virgin import) traces the history of ambient and includes the Velvet Underground along with the Beach Boys, jazz tripper Sun Ra and the pioneer Brian Eno and makes for a gorgeous backdrop to any activity.

If you're sick of NIN's "Closer," spin Front 242's "Headhunter" or Big Black's *Songs About Fucking* for a clanky, industrial din. And LiLiPUT were the greatest all-female group of all-time. They played a riotous take on post-punk with a Teutonic militarism that makes discipline sound fun. Look for the 1993 *LiLiPUT* collection (Off Course import).

Into mind games? "Ruin" the mood with Little Peggy March's "I Will Follow Him" on that ode to supplication *Stand By Your Man* (Nick at Nite/550) - a collection of songs of devotion and subordination that aren't ominous in the least. Leader of the Church of Satan, Anton LaVey, has said that the true Satanic music is Little Peggy March and songs like "Yes, We Have No Bananas" so you might be arriving at an invocation more evil than you could've imagined by playing Annette Funicello's "Tall Paul" and The Angels' "My Boyfriend's Back."

And to end it all, I must mention X-Ray Spex's "Oh Bondage, Up Yours!" available on *Germfree Adolescents* (Caroline). Hear how Poly Styrene, the greatest punk screecher of all, personifies the act of submission and laughs right in its face, proving there's no denial so final as to prevent someone from making a great joke out of it from right around the corner.





Photos from the  
Drummer Archives

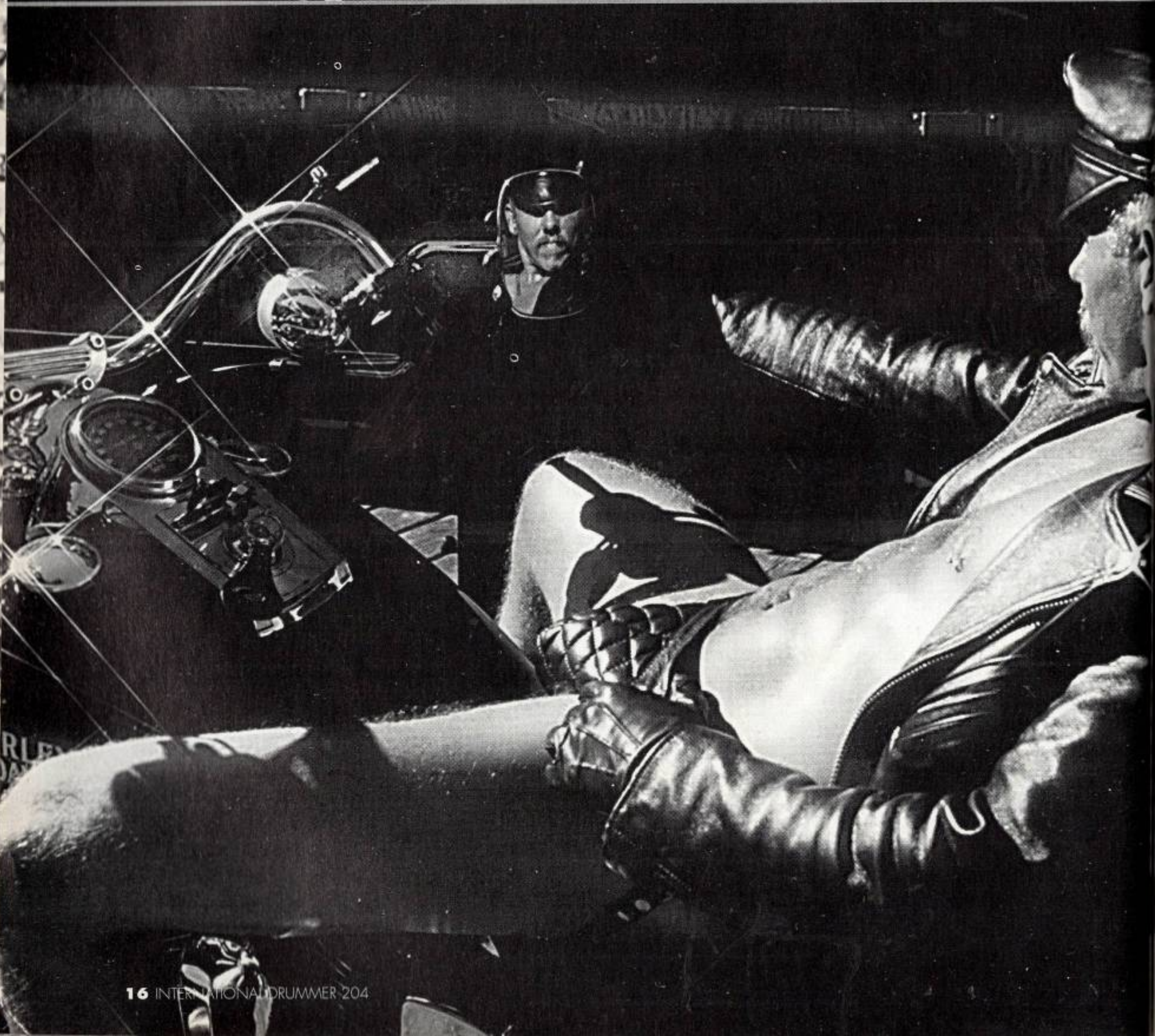




# ROUGH TRICKS



# TOUGH TRICKS





# SLEAZY TRICKS

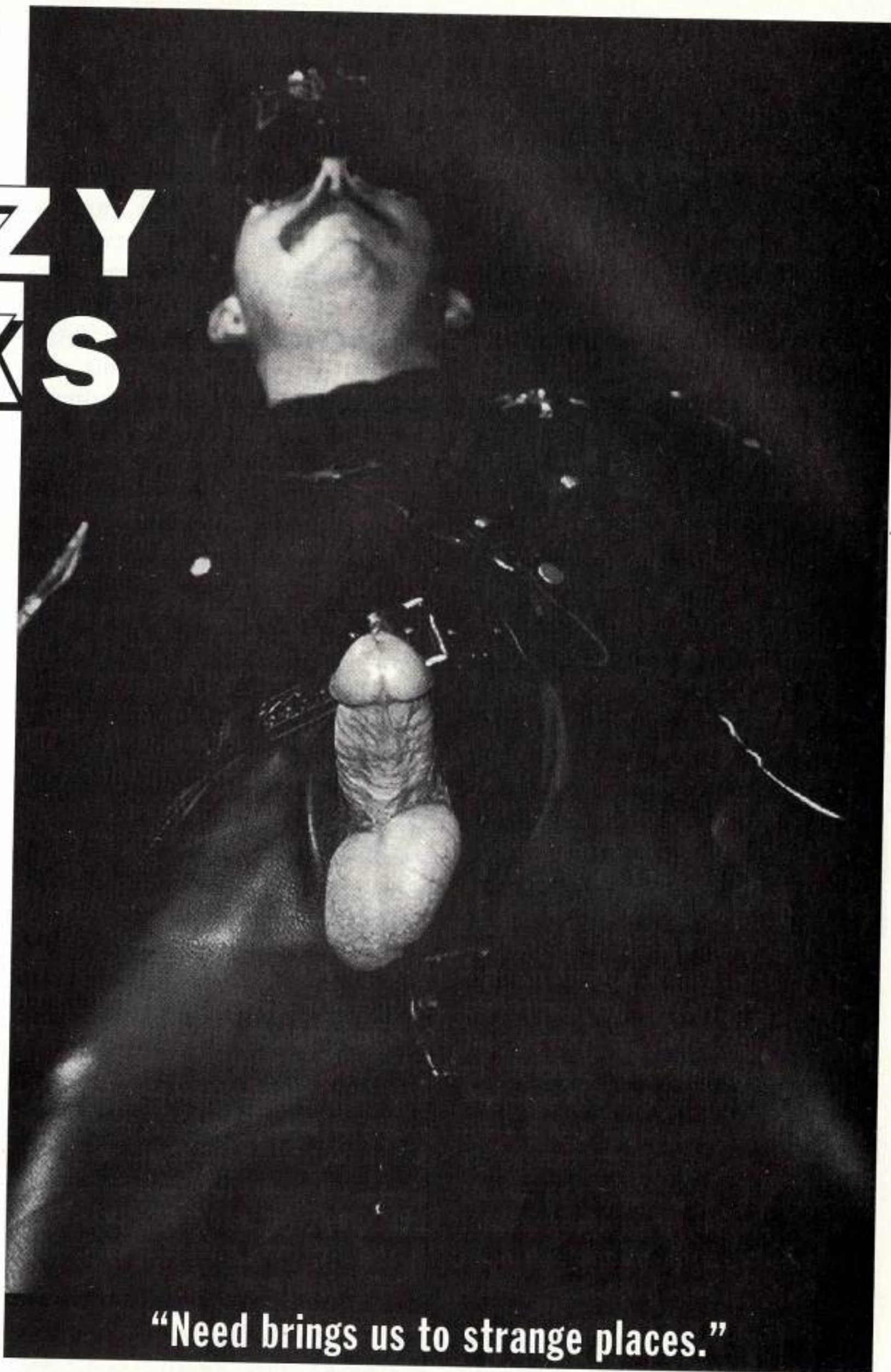
## NEED

I SEE HE HAS A SWASTIKA TATOOED ON HIS ARM. "KISS IT" HE WHISPERS QUIETLY IN MY EAR, HIS VOICE NOT MENACING OR PUT ON.

By Justin Chin

In the small space of the bookstore booth, we fumble like adolescents going for third base while our parents are due back any moment from church choir practice. He clumsily kisses me; I grab his shaved head and press his face into mine, sucking on his tongue, all the while we're groping, pawing at each other's crotch and ass. He pulls off his jacket and lays it on top of mine which is thrown over the small makeshift stool. While he unbuttons my shirt, I slip my hands under his shirt and play with his nipples. As each button pops off, I can see the hint of ink on his chest. He pulls off his shirt and, standing there in the booth lit by unblemished porn bunnies faking their pleasure, he wraps his arms around me and kisses me again, this time it's hard, slow and deliberate; with his hand he holds the back of my head and guides my

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
KINK VIDEO



"Need brings us to strange places."

mouth down past his chin, across his neck and to his impressive bicep.

By this time, I see that he has a swastika tattooed on his arm. "Kiss it," he says quietly in my ear, his voice not menacing nor put-on. I place my lips onto the dark lines on his flesh and kiss it. I let my tongue dawdle over it, while he tongues my ear. He is covered with tattoos with no seeming connection: daggers, flames, evil eyeballs, a Gothic creature, stars, planets, a cartoon mouse, a hypodermic needle. Nestled in these sprays of dark and color are

two swastikas, one on each bicep, each sinister and gleaming in their bold simplicity. There is a more ornate swastika on his forearm that looks like it was inspired by a 14th century woodcut. For a minute I think that maybe it is one of those Buddhist symbols unfortunate enough to look like a swastika, legs that turn the wrong way. But buried in the map of his flesh is a flesh-colored cross made of two spikes, the negative space colored red, the center containing a diamond with a black squiggle like a single quote



**HE STUCK HIS SPIT-AND-MUCOUS-WET FINGERS INTO MY ASS WHILE GNAWING AT MY TITS.**

mark inside of it; nearby is a dark elongated N, a sword with a crown piercing through it. I find a German word in gothic script just by his left armpit when I go there to bury my snout in his scent.

We fumble with our trousers, hastily unbuttoning and unzipping, and pushing them down to ankle level. He looks me dead in the eye and says, "Fuck me." He turns around, bends forward and spreads his legs as much as the space will allow. Above his underwear line, above his crack, in a two-inch high open-cut script, he has "White Power" tattooed unflinchingly across the fleshy bit of his lower back, a small patch of hair in the small of his back threatens the sentiment. I spit into my palm and grease up, spit into his ass crack and let the glob of saliva slide into his hole and slip my dick inside of him.

The territory of need brings us to strange places. It's a difficult decision when the chips are down and

you're fucking. If push comes to shove and the cards are in motion, would you fuck that neo-conservative Republican or that spongy Baptist minister if you knew they were who they were, instead of a trick in some tricking spot? Scuzzy trolls who would do in a snap, fucks that will get you out of jams and other serious shit? Like the time I was homeless in Honolulu, living in the 7-11 parking lot, and I ended up tricking with the local teamster's boss with the hard shiny distended beer-gut, bad teeth and constant flatulence, all for pizza and a good sofa. Would I do it differently if I knew better? Like the good-looking trick who turns out to be one hell of a colonialist asshole, as if he lived in a Rudyard Kipling novel and I was to be his Mowgli: while lying on the floor rimming my asshole I let go a squishy spray of shit onto his face, made some excuse about lactose intolerance and left while he sputtered to the bathroom.

Like the old troll who lives in the darkest niche of the bathroom in the bar, giving blow to anyone who waves his dick in front of him; I come in and he's waiting for the next dick, and he grins toothlessly, asks if I want a blow job, I tell him I'm just there to piss the overpriced beer out, he snorts, says, "All these colored guys just love to get their dick sucked, but hey remember, no matter what color your dick is, cum is always white."

Then there was the time I fucked a guy who had a distinct fantasy. He wanted to play INS agent on border patrol. He even had the uniform for it. He told me he wanted to catch me crossing the border illegally and then I'd be detained in a holding cell while I'm questioned and taught a lesson about illegally crossing borders. His imagination is excellent and he played the role worthy of an Emmy as I scampered across his bedroom as if his futon were a high-wire doused with searchlights that

would separate "us" and "them," him and I, as if his brown carpeting were a dusty road, a river; he pounced on me and asked for identification, for papers and I no speaking 'lish, so he stripped me down to my BVDs, made me crouch doggy-style on the bed with my ass sticking in the air while he stood behind, slowly pulling my briefs down. "Take that you stinking Mexican, take that back to your family," he squealed as he came on my ass, then he pulled the briefs up and snapped the band so that his cum squished inside my underwear. I'm putting on my clothes when he says, "I'm sorry, I know you're Chinese but sometimes, I just get too excited."

The porn-boys on the screen, innocuous, shaved and plucked muscle monsters with their vacant stares are going at it beside the pool but no one is paying any attention. He straightens up and turns around suddenly. "Do you like to play rough?" he asks. "Come on, punch me, kick me."

"Show me how," I say. He grabs my neck with one hand and slams me against the wall, with his other hand he smacks me firmly across the head. He leans in and kisses me while grabbing and twisting my balls until my eyes water. He alternates between gentle strokes and rough scrapes, he chews on my dick like a puppy high on rawhide, until my hard-on has turned as flaccid as any seasoned tweaker's. He sticks his hand into my mouth, I suck his fingers and he pushes them deeper in until I gag, he takes the spit and mucous-wet fingers and sticks them into my ass while gnawing at my tits. He turns me around and sticks his dick into my ass in one rough movement. There is a short sharp shear of pain and I want to pull him out, I clench my sphincter to calm down, but he's holding me tight, his muscular arm wrapped around me like comfort.

"Just ease into it," he says and



# MARKS

**A BLACK LEATHER FAGGOT STUD. I'D  
SEEN PICTURES AND HEARD STORIES  
ABOUT THESE DEVIANT HOMOS. IN  
THEIR UNIFORMS AND ATTITUDES OF  
HYPERMASCULINITY, NOT UNLIKE THE  
CHOLOS AND SAILORS I KNEW AND  
SLEPT WITH.**

By Al Lujan

My sister licked her lips, stuck the needle in her mouth and rolled it around with her tongue. Then she pulled it out and waved over the flame of an orange scented votive candle. She wiped the blackness on it off on her blouse and wrapped the thread around the tip. Tight, white around the point. I sat transfixed and nervous. This was my first time. She held my wrist and reached across me to turn up the tape player, just in case I screamed. The needle was dipped black into the India ink we'd made our mom buy for us. The kind that kids at school don't use anymore. Presenting me with her stuffed Pink Panther she'd won at a carnival on her last run, my sister said "Here, bite his arm, this might hurt a little." I took a deep breath and bit. It tasted like cigarettes and pink, acrylic fur. She tightened her grip on my wrist and put the needle into my shoulder - fast and furious. Tears tried to squeeze their way out and my teeth reached the Pink Panther's wire, femur bone. Despite my sweating and snorting, she wouldn't stop.

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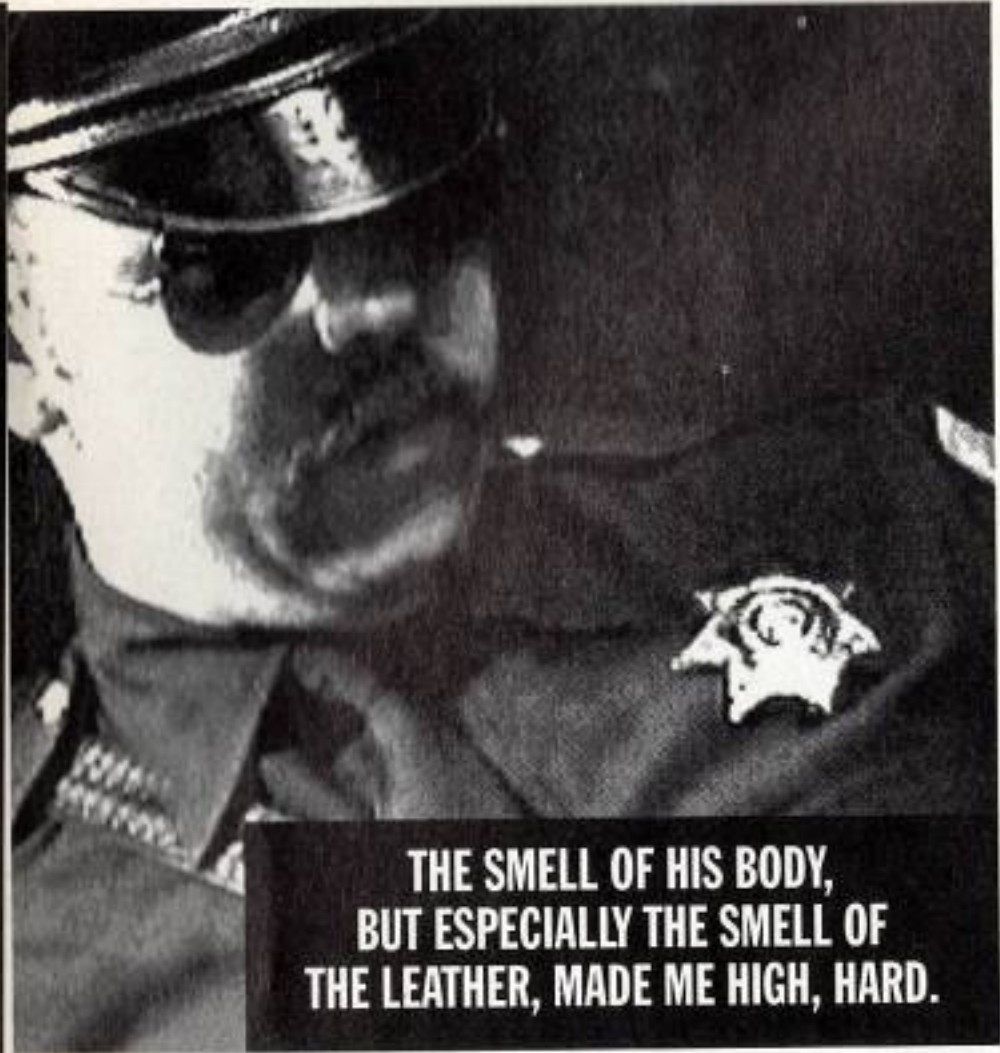
The second time someone marked me I had just turned eighteen and



was in the Navy. The USS Missouri was docked on pier 23. We were in San Francisco for fleet week from our home port in Long Beach, California. I fled the ship, alone, in full dress blues, which we had to wear on our first day in any port. My backpack contained my civilian clothes that I was ready to change into at the first gas station lavatory.

My eyes were wide and my cap was tilted. My stride was swinging like the legs of my thirteen button navy blues as I left the ship behind me. At the end of the pier, by the street that appeared miles away, I saw a familiar sight. A group of people protesting our presence. Only difference was that this group contained gargantuan, colorful drag queens and a man who caught my eye. He wasn't shouting or shaking his fist. He was just standing there, watching. He was dressed in full leather. Chaps, boots, harness, jacket and cap. Like a big, muscular, black, leather sofa in the sun. He looked out of place yet he looked proud and cocky, leaning tall against the fence that divided us. It was as if he owned the pier.





**THE SMELL OF HIS BODY,  
BUT ESPECIALLY THE SMELL OF  
THE LEATHER, MADE ME HIGH, HARD.**

Like a mooring ship, I headed slowly and earnestly towards him. His cap, like mine, was tilted. I wanted to closely observe that golden hair, refrigerator-white smile, and eyes sequestered behind mirrored shades. A black-leather faggot stud. I'd only seen pictures and heard stories about those deviant homos. In their uniforms and attitudes of hyper-masculinity, admittedly, not unlike the cholos and sailors I'd known and been.

We each had our distinct and familiar characteristics. Allies and enemies who would see us dead for being different. Community, fronting butch, vanity, headbands, armbands, hand signals, salutes, crotch grabbing, fingersnaps, language, haircuts, shaves, piercing, tattoos and scars. He and I weren't so unlike.

So I walked up to him with that headstrong courage that only being a stranger conjures and asked him if he was waiting for a friend or a brother on the ship. My thumping heart drowned out the chants of "Navy go home!"

"Nope," he said without turning toward me. So I split. He followed me. Then I followed him to his Volvo. Beige. I turned back to the ship hoping secretly that I was being watched.

Crossing the city he started talk-

ing to no one in particular. Never turned to look at me or ask me anything. He told me about a dream he'd been having. Of giant Indians riding bareback on giant horses. Hundreds. Each with his face painted black. All of them naked. Galloping furiously over Twin Peaks in the mist. Trampling cars and trees. Wailing siren death chants. I'd only just met the man five minutes ago and here he was telling me his nightmares. I didn't know Twin Peaks from dream analysis from SM and B&D, so I stayed quiet and a little uncomfortable through the ride up the winding streets.

"That is Twin Peaks," he told me as he presented me with a panoramic view from his balcony. I nodded and watched him examine the rolling fog that was blanketing the hillside. He asked me to tell him about myself. I gave him my name and my zodiac sign. Being that I was in San Francisco I felt that that was all he needed to know.

"What's your nationality?" he asked. "I'm an American," I told him, not really wanting to get into where I was from or who I was.

"Un-American?" His luminescent, milk-drinking smile was gone.

"No. Yeah. No. Umm. Can we change the subject?"

He held me by the jaw, turned me around to face the view again. He bit my neck, stepped back and tied a bandanna over my eyes. It was all I could do to suppress a toothy grin as he resumed biting me. "New kid in town," I thought. No one knows me or what's about to happen. That's euphoric. He pulled me around and rested my face on his chest. The smell of his body, but especially the smell of the leather, made me high, hard and had me breathing like a drowning man.

I recalled being a toddler playing in my mother's closet. She'd frequently catch me in there with one of her many purses over my head, nearly suffocating. Caressing her pumps. I think both my mother and

I secretly thought that I'd grow up to be a transvestite. Little did either of us know I was getting off on the scent not the accessories.

"Good sailor boy. Sit back," he said. I rushed with pride of being called good sailor, although the boy part kinda bugged me. I wasn't about to nitpick. Anyway, he was about my father's age. I leaned back against the railing of the balcony, reached down between my legs and yanked open my pants, popping the buttons off. I heard them hit the floor or the driveway two stories down. I hoped, for a second, that I had a sewing kit back on the ship. But I really didn't care 'cause there was in San Francisco, blindfolded on a balcony with my bare ass greeting the city in the presence of a fierce leather daddy.

"Fuck yeah," I thought. "This is fucking hot." Then I heard the ripping and felt the pulling of a blade through my shirt. No needle and thread was gonna remedy that. The blood that was pulsing in my groin rushed to my head.

"Pinche pendejo-muthafucker. What the fuck?" I snapped. With that he yanked my neckerchief and pulled me into a backwards arch. Then he untied it and, using his thumb, stuffed it deep into my throat. He headlocked me and forced me down to my knees with his forearm. Put my head through the bars of the railing. Execution style. Pulled at my arms and secured them with the straps that, I think, were around his wrists. I feigned horror and faked a struggle. Mostly I was pissed. The only thing I mildly feared was cops busting in the door to rescue this obviously kidnapped sailor crucified on the balcony. That and uncertainty.

In that vulnerable position I thought he'd whip, kick, and sodomize me - or cut my head off. I was resigned to chalk any of this up to experience and memory.

He leaned in on me and straddled my back; it ached under his weight.



I felt the cool then hot tip of a pin prick on my shoulder blade. He dragged it down, across and diagonal to form the letter "R." I was sweating and snorting air through my nose. He proceeded. I felt the cool trickles of blood along my ribcage. I jerked from the chills. The letter "A." I began to struggle for real. I thought, "This white man is gonna put his tag on my body. What was it? Did he tell me, even? Raymond? Ralph? Oh I hoped not. Raven? Rat? Raccoon?" My head hurt thinking of what it was that was gonna scar me. Maybe Jenny Holzer's art text. Rape. Rage. Rain. Rapture. Ransom.

The next letter he cut so deep and effortlessly that I couldn't make it out for the burning and blood that ran down the length of my spine. I prayed that he'd stop at my back. Not cut up my face, my hands. Not my cock or my throat.

I thought about the whispering at my funeral.

"He was into some freaky-kinky shit, man. He was just looking for trouble. He was sick, the poor boy," I could hear everyone saying. I almost swallowed the gag. Then the carving stopped. He held me. I felt his face on my back. He smeared the blood across my back with his stubbly chin then dragged it across the mystery word. I moaned, my head still jammed into the bars.

He stood up - and left me there. My shoulders cramped and my back burned. The blood cooled in the wet breeze. I heard him return. He stood over me. He smeared my back with some kind of ointment that scorched my wounds. He pulled the blindfold off and plucked the gag out of my mouth. I bellowed low and deep through my aching jaw. It was night. The lights on the hill blurred through my tears. He smeared his hands over my face to silence me. He loosened the restraints around my wrists.

...

I loved and hated my sister for hurting me. For marking me. For doing her duty and protecting me in a neighborhood of boys older than their years. Boys who were already inquiring "Why yo little brotha' always actin' like a bitch?"

My sister brought street knowledge home with her each time after she ran away - and I was grateful for it. She made me use the same needle on her that she'd just used on me to tattoo an outline of a teardrop onto her face, by her right eye. My hands trembled. I was terrified of plucking her eye out. She'd elbow me every time I jabbed her without breaking the skin. She said it symbolized the trials she faced as a teen runaway. I told her I heard that it meant "doing time." She said, "Same thing." Not knowing, at sixteen, there would be far worse, darker teardrops with time.

It was unprecedented that a twelve year old would sport a tattoo with the initials of the neighborhood gang on his arm. Even third and fourth generations of cholo families, the kind of family where Grampa wears zoot suits with threadbare elbows and Pee Wee drives a bomber older than his father. Even they waited till the boys were at least fifteen to get tattooed.

My sister assured me that she was in, and since I was family, that meant I was in. If you grow up within a gang you don't have to be jumped in. That was fine with me, since like my sister, I was already seduced by gang life. By the slicked back hair, the creases from shoulder to toe, the shoes, the way they walked, talked, stood their macho ground and fought for each other. How they taught me to hate cops "just because that's the way it is."

I felt pride matching the graffiti on some garage door to the block letters that appeared blue on my brown skin. The sense of community and belonging that I, as a child born in another country, needed to feel. The sense of anarchy in a world full

of rules. I displayed my badge, my pass, my power. With sleeves rolled up, my bare shoulder forged my way through Jr. High without incident. Then I was bussed across town so it didn't mean shit anymore.

To the day she died, I never let my mother see my tattoo. I couldn't do that to her. My sister, though, got a good slap for messing up her face. She never let on that I did it for her. My Ma said that her punishment was to wear that teardrop for the rest of her life. Eventually, my sister would run away again - for the last time.

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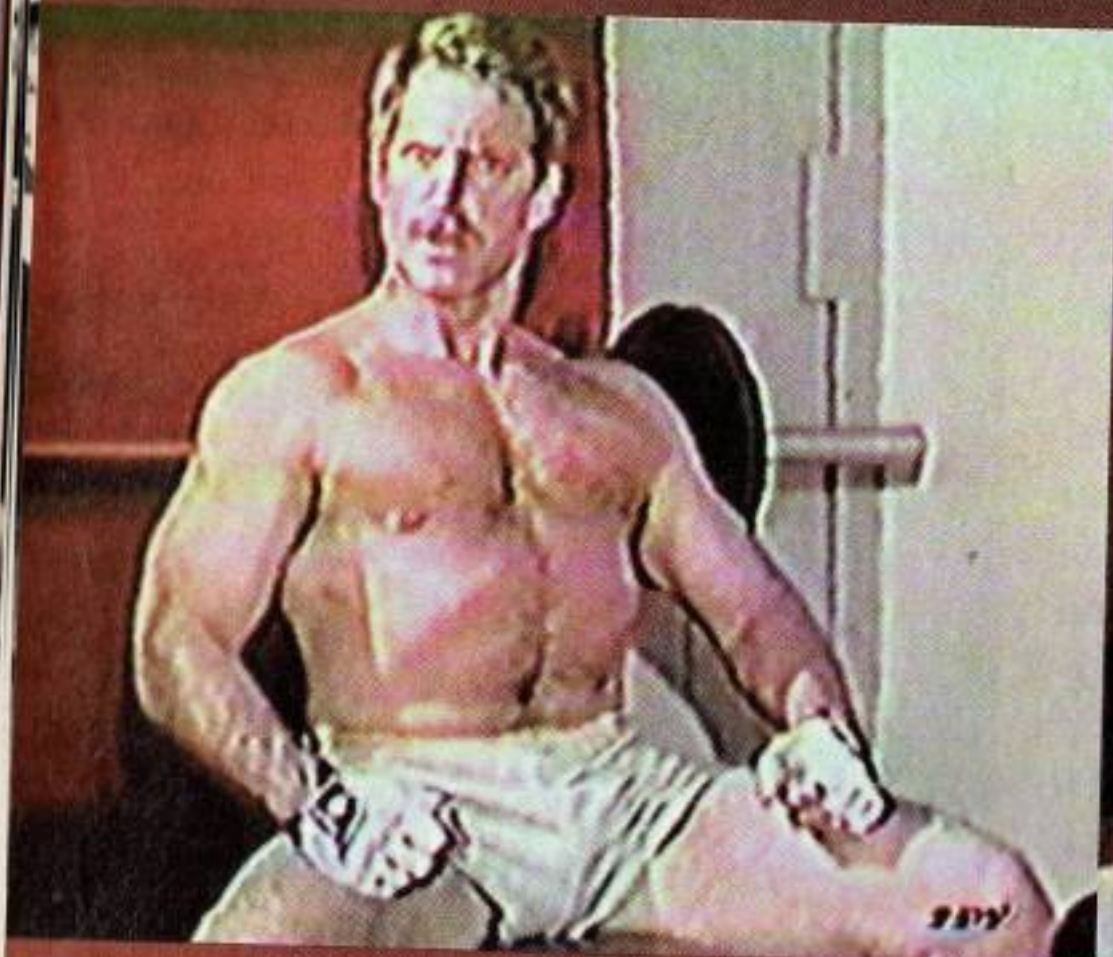
Even his jacket and shades were on. His face was smudged with my blood. I pushed him back, picked up my backpack by the door and ran into the bathroom. I looked over my shoulder to the mirror. My eyes widened and my mouth fell open.

From the balcony I heard him yell at the top of his lungs. "How do you like it? Huh? How do you like it, motherfucker?" I didn't. I was in a frenzy, trying to wash off the black paint from my face with hot water. Wiped my back with his dirty, white towel. I thanked God it wasn't permanent ink. I pulled my shorts and a tee shirt from my backpack. Put them on but left my government issue black shoes and socks on and headed for the door. He tried to block me with his size and crazy, bloody smile. I slugged him with the force of every one of my ancestors. His nose shot blood onto my fist before I could retract it. I picked off the keys on the left side of his belt and bolted through the door.

I drove out over Twin Peaks as he screamed off his balcony something about my "punishment for life." I returned an old Mexican malediction and vow of vengeance. I drove across the city to nowhere in particular since I couldn't get back on my ship without my uniform and with a bloody, white tee shirt that read: RACIST. No, I didn't like it at all.



# GYM JOCK





Photos of Dave Gold's Gym Workout, by Palm Drive Video



# out muscles sweat soaked shorts m jock pumps iron







# cigar smok beer swilling da jerk-off k





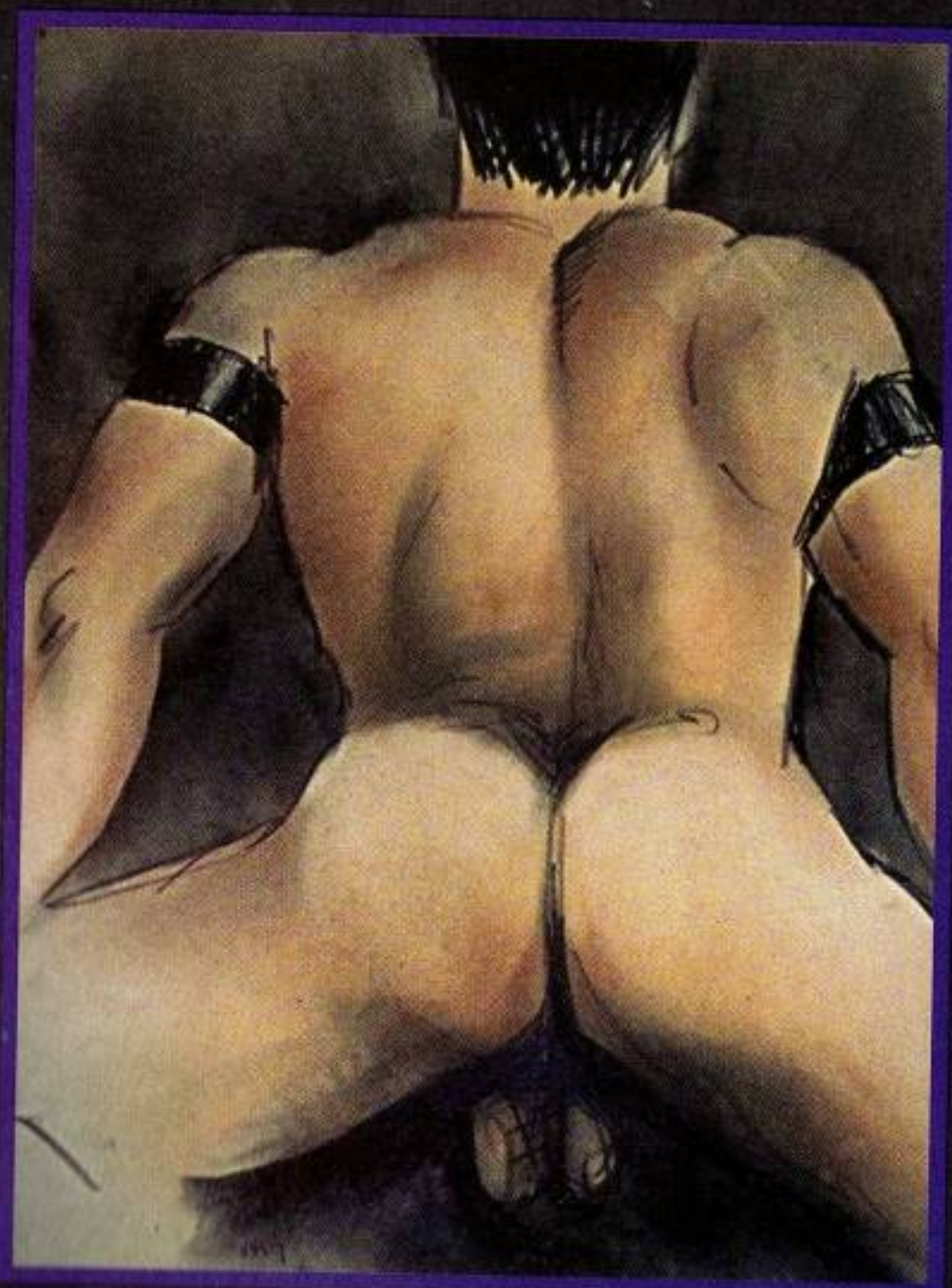
# GYM JOCK



ing



# The Art Of YVON GOULET



**Y**von Goulet's work consists mainly of drawings and printmaking on paper. This medium makes it easier to access the international market because it is cheaper to ship the works overseas. He particularly likes working with computers and using them to help create his artworks.

The artist has lived in Montreal for five years and is currently doing portraits of the "Village." He first takes photographs and then scans the images into his Macintosh computer. He then photocopies and prints the images on a recycled advertising board made of plastic. With some colors already printed on the advertising board, each print is unique. The prices of his artwork range from \$50 to \$1000.

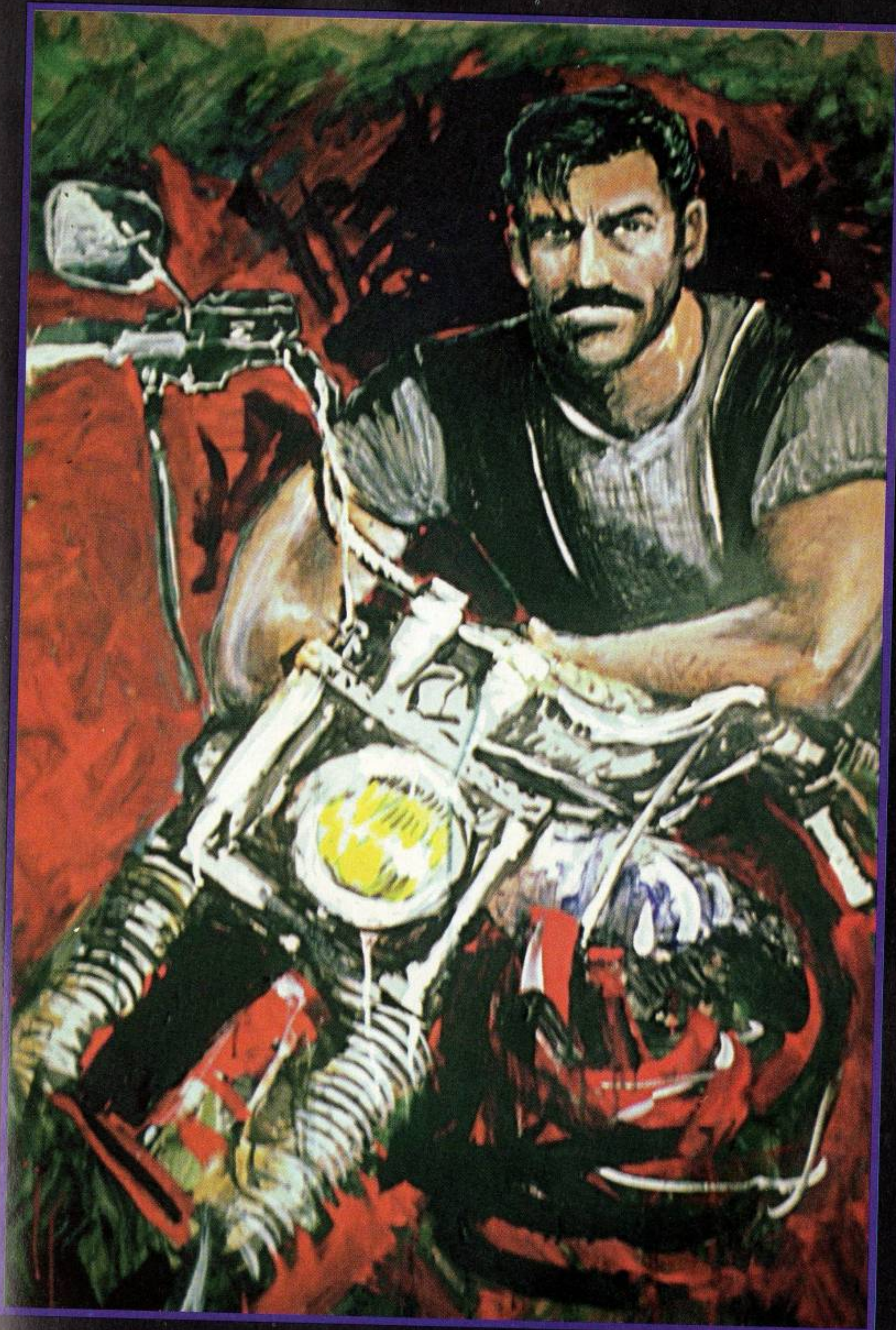
Mr. Goulet doesn't believe in homosexual art, per se, but rather tries to express his emotions as a human being working in his environment. He does not see himself as an activist since he doesn't feel he has answers and instead tries to raise questions with his art.

More information regarding his artwork can be obtained by writing to:  
Yvon Goulet  
2170 Rue de Paris  
Montreal, Quebec Canada H3K 1V1

For a catalog, write to:  
Leather Plus  
1321 Rue Ste-Catherine Est  
Montreal, Quebec Canada H2L2H4  
Phone: 514-521-7587



DRUMMER FEATURED ARTIST



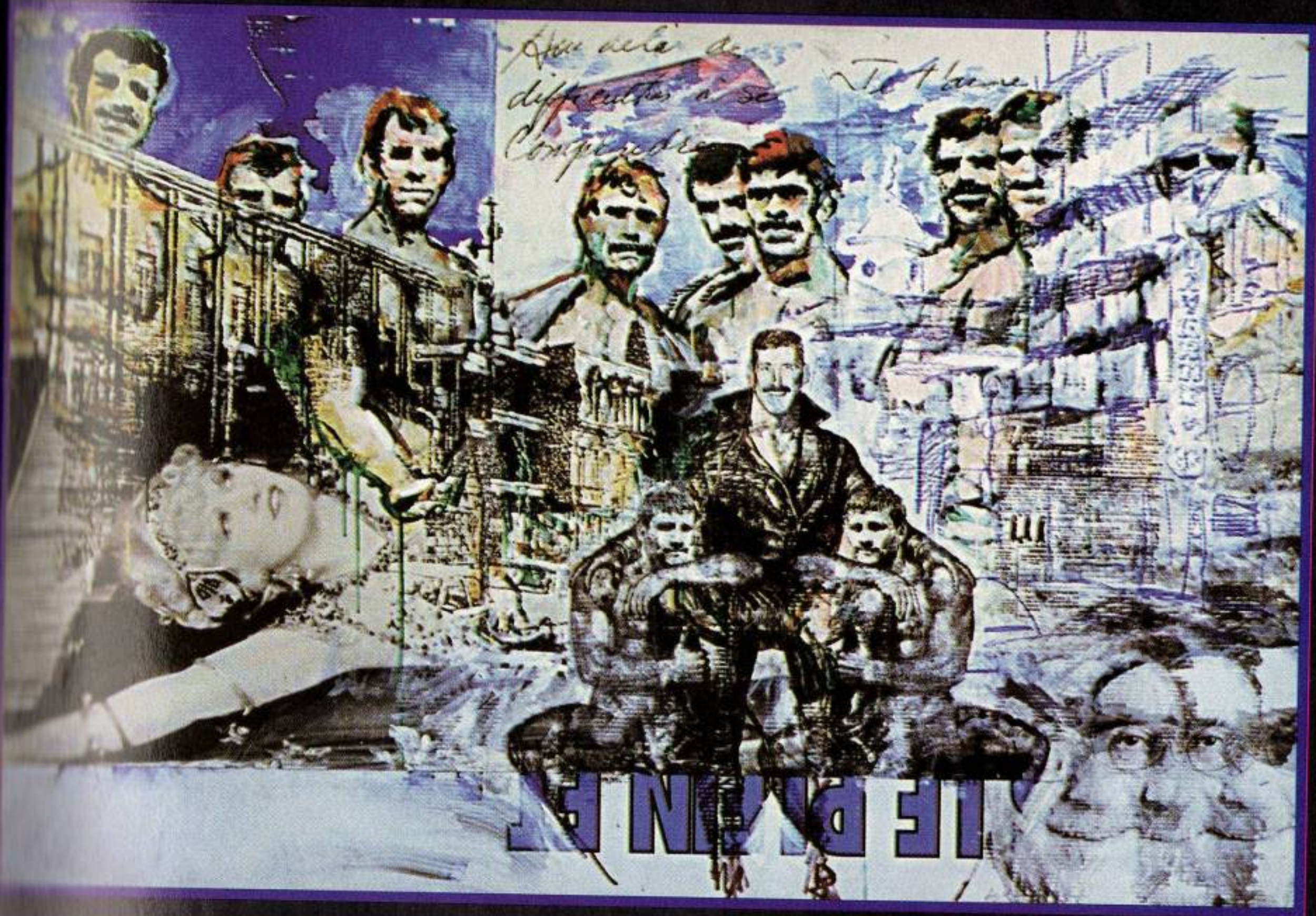
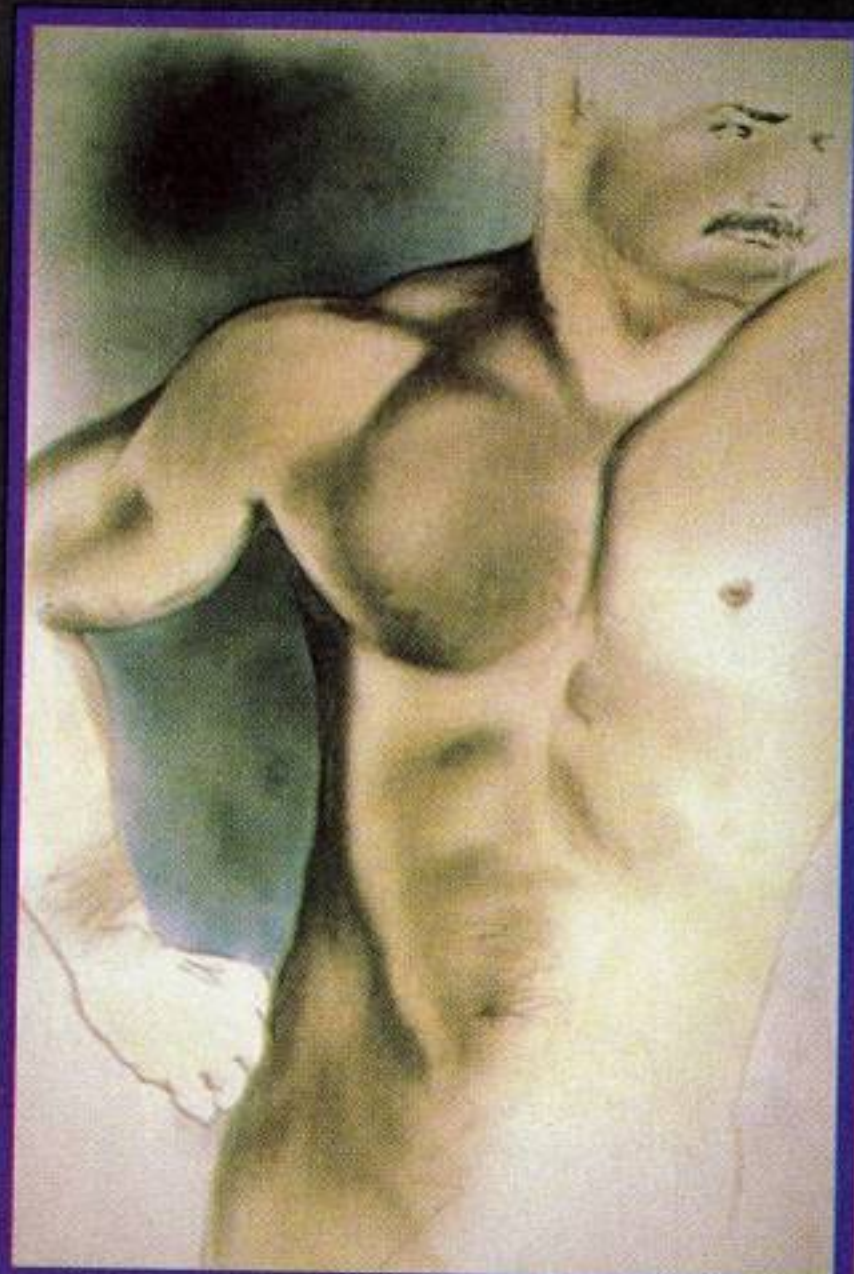
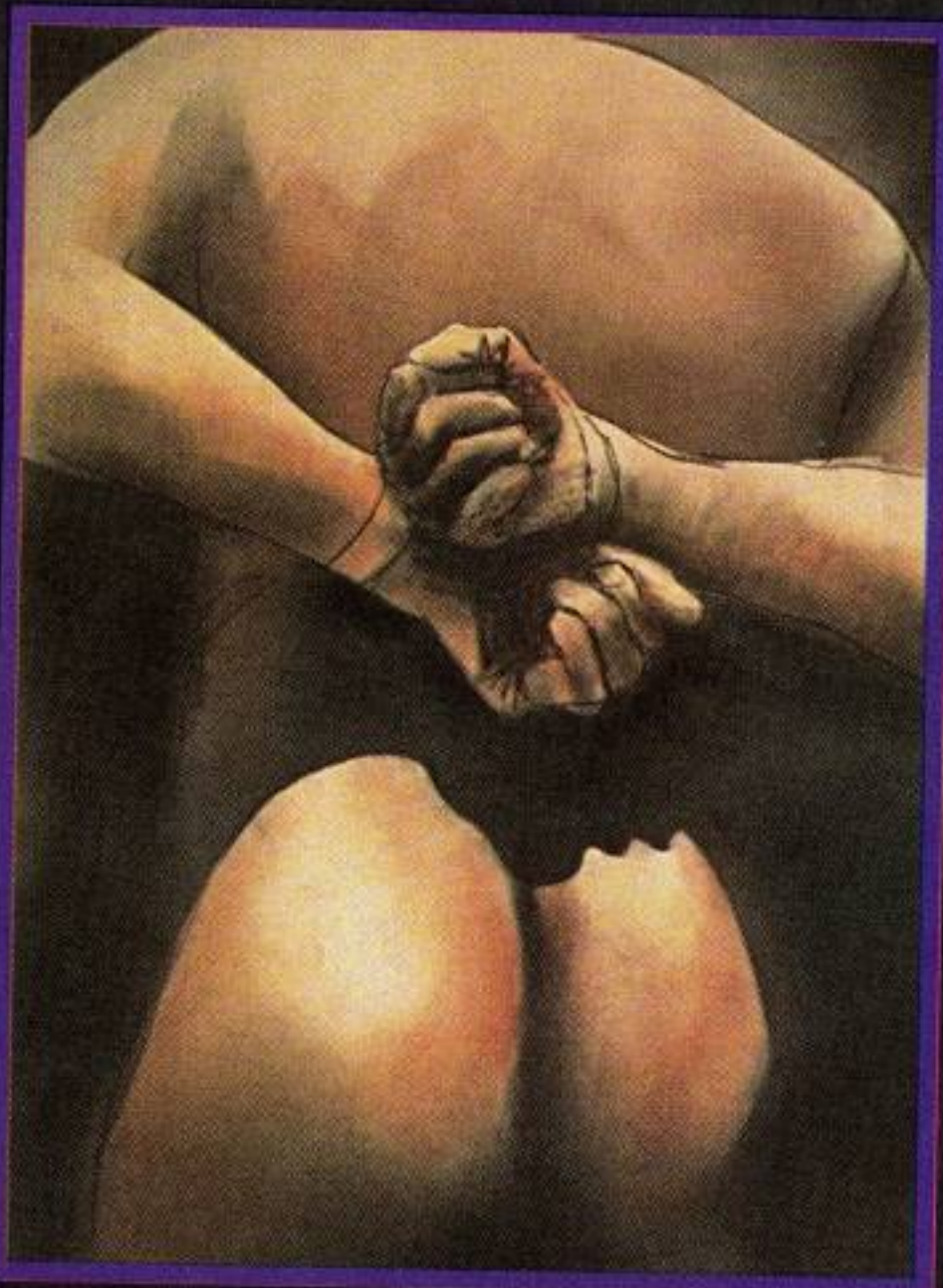


# ***The Art Of YVON GOULET***





DRUMMER FEATURED ARTIST







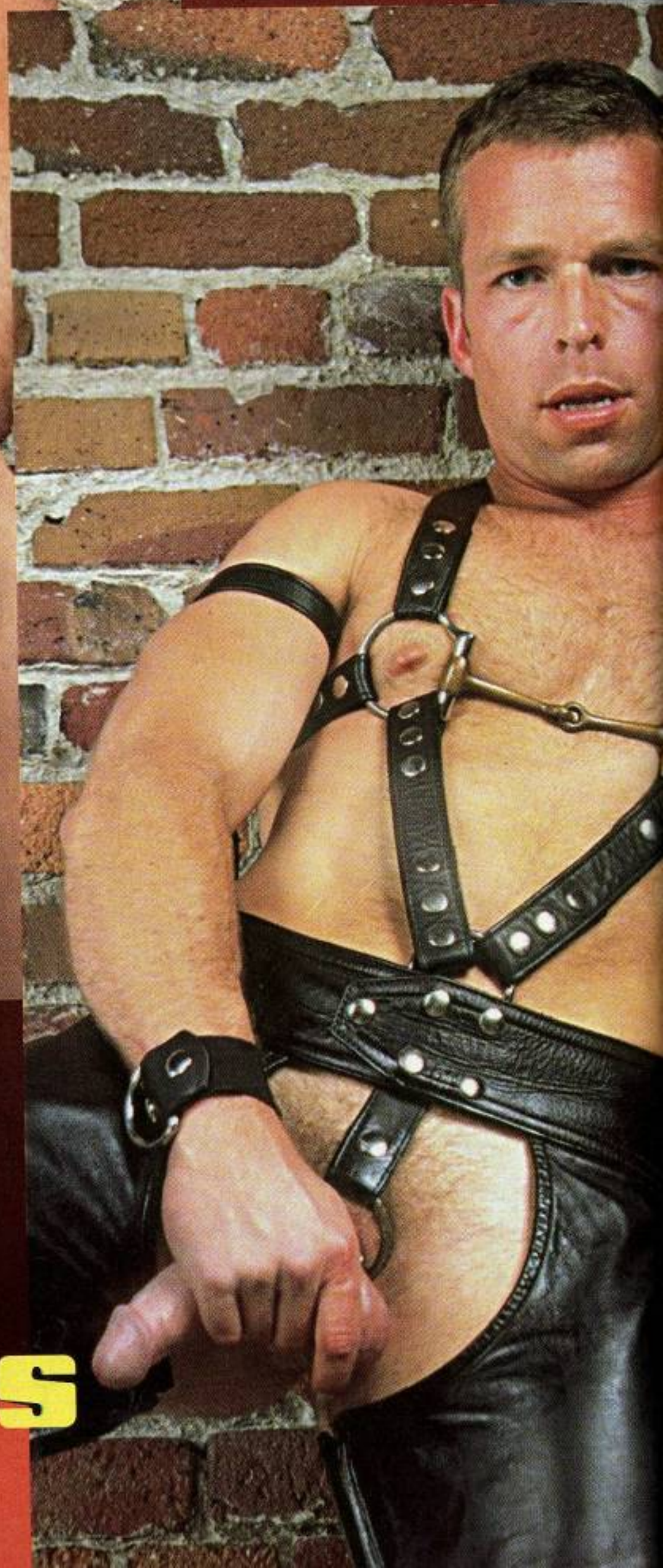
# **HARD TIMES**

Photos of Model Dan Brewer by Jim Wigler—Leather: Man About Town









**HARD TIMES**







# HARD TIMES





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# HUSTLER BARS: TRICKS OF THE TRADE

By [www. Jack Fritscher. com](http://www.JackFritscher.com)

Gay sex is free. So a hustler bar is a strange place for a gay man, because a hustler bar is not "gay." There are hustlers. There are johns. Neither leads a particularly urban-gay lifestyle. Rough trade tricks are essentially straight. Johns are essentially out of the gay circuit, often young, and not necessarily "rich." Neither cares much for the gay bars of Weho, Castro, or Soho. The johns prefer lower-class "straight" males who don't fuck up sex with sentiment. The hustlers prefer, not necessarily men, but money. Sex is an easy means to cold, hard cash in trade for hot, hard cock.

In a gay bar, the reciprocity is sex for sex. In a hustler bar, it's sex for money. So there I sat, in Los Angeles, in a hustler bar, on a stool near the juke box. I had to remember that the johns, many of whom were more attractive to me than were some of the hustlers, aren't looking for mutual gay sex. They're looking for a "straight" guy who will ball them the way sex used to be before sex was a lifestyle. The mutual satisfaction is a combo of money, power, and sex.

So there, in LA, I stood, leaned, sat, paced, leaned, smiled, watched, cruised with fifty bucks hot in my jeans, begging to pay for it, so I could cross the line and know what the fuck it felt like to buy my way into a specific section of street-smart, low-life, talk-show trash that without cash no gay man has any access to. Rough trade tricks are usually born in trailer parks in the American south, raised in foster homes, tattooed in juvenile facilities, saddled with one or two young sons



by 15-year-old bitches, and are educated in prison where the one important lesson they learn is that gay men are an easy mark.

I felt as confident as a kid in a candy store. Actually, a john need never fear rejection, because all he has to do is flash more money at the young and the dangerous. The lower classes are eternally attractive to the middle and upper classes. (Ask Pasolini, the martyred Patron Saint of Rough Trade!) Even heterosexually, every class knows what it's for. No matter what sex trip johns want—SM, rough trade, suck/fuck, water sports, dirty feet, you name it—anything goes in a hustler bar where the level of play is the kind of primal sex once found in rest stops, YMCAs, bus stations, and carnival midways with mechanics, sailors, hitchhikers, and gypsy men with dirty fingernails who'd do anything for a buck.

The natural-born rough-trade hus-

tlers, in their wonderful anonymous danger and wild taste, should not be confused with the slick urban hustlers who advertise through "Models Classifieds" in gay papers where the "muscle sex" or "performance sex" is highly stylized ritual. Gay hustlers are high contrast. Rough trade is just plain basic, fundamental what-it-is.

It's Friday evening becoming Friday night on a full moon in LA, and the two camera hustlers and johns sport with other like friendly Montague Capulets. If, in America, money rent you what you want, then a hustler bar is almost as close as a john can get to sex-with-satisfaction, practically guaranteed. Hustlers, in fact, invariably "can guarantee" a man, we'll have a good time."

Twenty-five bucks, average, to john a hustler for the first time, no frills, just some laid-back trading his dick sucked until the john cums. A return bout costs twenty. Prices vary depending on the time of night, the night of the week, the proportion of johns to hustlers, the specifics of the sex trip the john wants out of the hustler. Frequently, there's cab fare or a tip of about ten bucks tacked on to the "boy" has done his best at putting out a good performance, the essence of hustling, after all, is the biz. And a taxi to a hustler is a status symbol equal to a limo.

A tattooed, well-built, blond hustler with a buzz cut eyes on the jukebox and heads to the jukebox. He plays "I Don't Want to Walk Without You." I stand up and move in to him, a quarter in my sw



and, and scan the selections for a musical reply. My choice: "Hit Me with Your Best Shot." We listen to the music, eyeing each other. Who is the matador? Who is the bull? He's more wary than I am.

"You wanna beer," I say.

"Yeah," he says, "Bud."

At the bar service station, a john comes over to me. "That one," he says pointing at the blond goatee, "I'll do it for twenty bucks. He's punchy. Likes to get blown and have his ass eaten. He's quiet. Don't believe me, I know. He's a bit player in B-movies. Action-adventure ones. I've licked all those tattoos on his arms. I sucked on him for maybe an hour and jerked myself off. But, holy god, when sex combines with money, I think of the stereotype that men ought to be old and ugly and degenerate. Well, I'm not yet old or ugly. But the degeneracy of paying for sex squats awkwardly on my head this night in this hustler bar. I laugh to myself that my bourgeois conscience is much ado about nothing. Actually, I find I really have an almost politically correct "attitude" about going through with this pay-for-play trip even with this guy. Nobody would believe would have sex with a man unless he actually gets paid!

I remember the words my buddy Old Reliable, who lives to love hustlers, said to me earlier in the evening: "Hustlers are actors. You're the producer. You got the money. You're also the director. Hustlers are minimalist artists. They'll do as little performance art as they can. Unless you direct them. Pose! Flex! Beat your meat! Let me suck your dick/ass! Sit on my face! Spit on my face! Shit on my face! The price can go up. Don't come off cheap. Offer forty dollars for open sex. If you hit it off, if you want more than to suck him off as trade while he kicks back and smokes, if you want him to rough you up a little bit, add ten bucks. You want him

to pose for some Polaroids, add another fifteen. You want to shoot some video footage, add thirty. You want him to sleep over, add ten. You want him to cuddle, add five, and breakfast. And tip him by giving him some of your clean socks."

Hiring a hustler is like ordering a la carte. You get exactly what you want. (And that makes hustlers basically "safe sex," because you control the fluid exchange.)

"This is Hollywood," Old Reliable said. "It's a circus. But at least it's the Big Top. All the movie stars and TV people hire hustlers. Judy Garland loved rough trade boys. Rock Hudson loved pay-for-play tricks. Stars pay for performances because they themselves are paid for performances. Hollywood is where America brings its dreams. You can hire your fantasy. The world's great performances aren't on screen. Great performances take place in the sack."

I hand Blue-Eyes-with-Buzz-Cut his Budweiser. I want to proposition him. I want to do it. But I can't. He's so shy or sly, he's not helping. Why do I have to pick the quiet type? I came out tonight prepared with cold cash to be nasty, to go slumming, to fucking buy sex! How un-American to suddenly become a reluctant consumer.

I feel the power is in my pocket: the cash. I think: Show him the money!

God! Blue-Eyes-with-Buzz-Cut is hot as a street in Venice Beach! The kind of sweaty macho based on the kind of clean you can maintain when you're living out of a knapsack and brushing your teeth at an IHOP. He's my speed. In a post-Judas minute, I'd take him straight to the bar room toilet, flop him back against a urinal, and, do him - if only coins weren't changing hands.

Then good old lust, like cavalry riding over the ridge in the last reel, develops its own logic. I stare into his incredible eyes. Hustling, I rationalize, is the world's oldest profes-

sion. Moral-religious trips can't reject thousands of years of sex-theater history. I laugh at my puritanical head, but take very seriously my hardening dick that has no conscience. He takes a swig of beer and peers at me hard. Inexplicably, I blurt out: "I want to exploit you."

"Cool," he says.

Nervous as a virgin-bidder at a white-slave auction, I say: "Ya wanna mess around for fifty bucks?"

Fifty? Why did I say fifty? My subconscious is worried whether or not he'll like me. I forget rough trade doesn't give a fuck about me.

His blue eyes pierce into my face. "You ain't a cop, are you?"

Flattered - god, I'm such a kveen! I say, "No."

His face lights up. He actually says, "Show me the money." Hustlers are able to work out deals with a john in a heartbeat. "Let's go," he says, and we stroll out together, with the bar full of johns and hustlers watching our cool-as-shit exit.

Before all, for a hustler, \$ = sex.

After all, for a john, sex = \$.

That night, Blue-Eyes-with-Buzz-Cut was what he has long been: a terrific piece of ass. That night, I became, at least for once, what I had long had an attitude about: a john. Mmm, I mean, a patron of the arts.

It was more than okay. It was hot! It was a perfect relationship. Pleasurable. Easy cum. Easy go. No hassles. No personal baggage about his old lady pregnant in some Motel 86 on Sunset Boulevard. No listening to some gay guy dysfunctioning about his 12-step program. Hey! That night of my initiation into LA hustler bars proved, I guess, there's no business like show business. Plus if you ain't getting what you want, go rent!

*Jack Fritscher is the author of "Some Dance to Remember," a novel about the 1970's circus of rough trade sex in San Francisco.*



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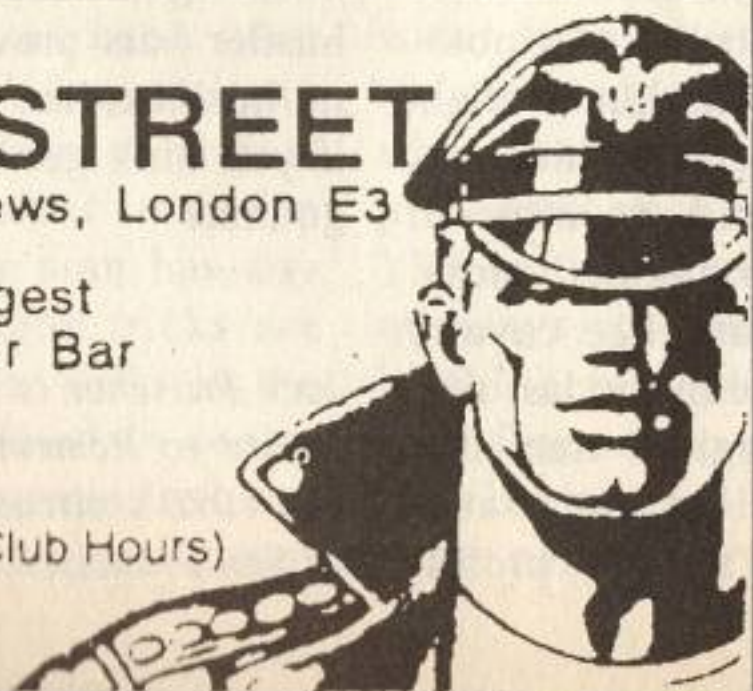
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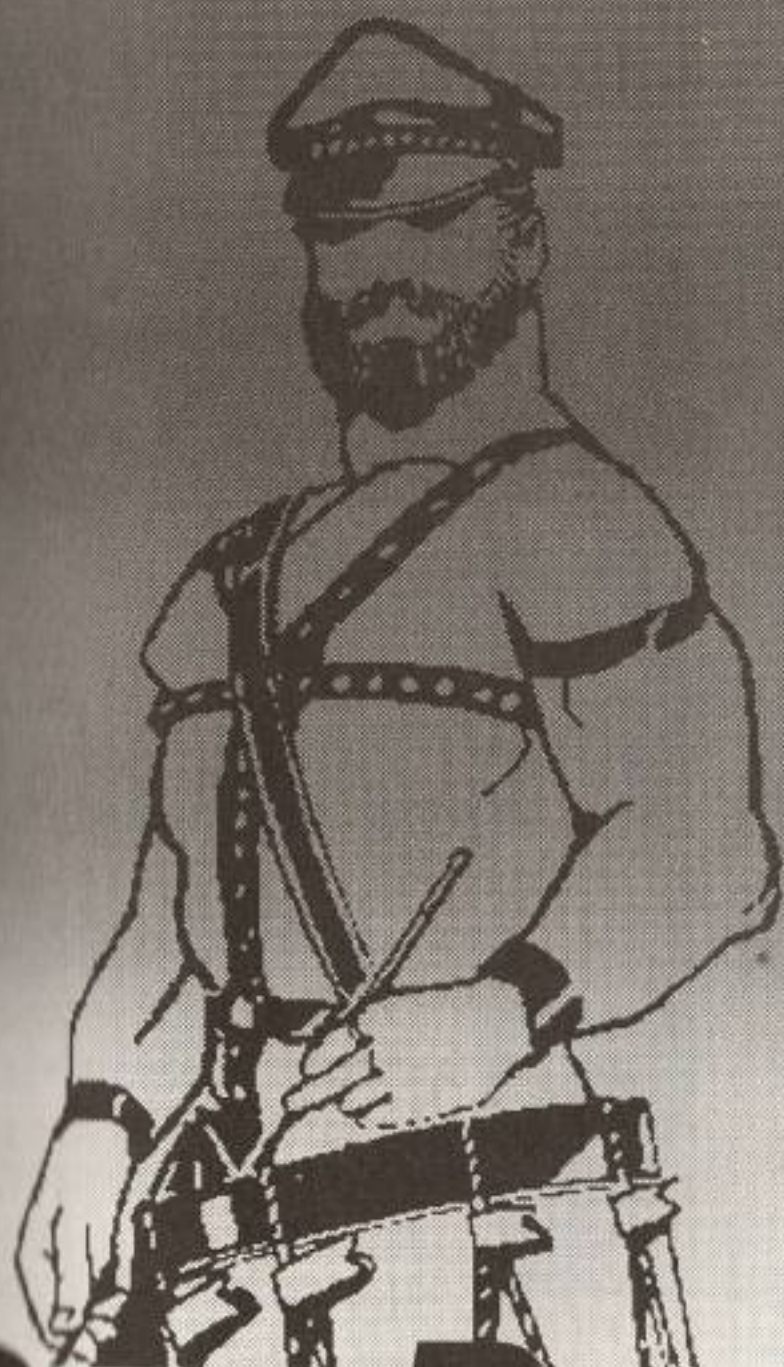
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# DRUMBEAT

## Bear Evolution

The following quote came to us over the wires of the gay news service provider: "This is the run down of some of the offshoots the Bear Community has helped create. There are hairless Bears. Wolves are the folks who are hairy, but don't consider themselves big enough to be Bears. Wolverines are a more aggressive variety of bear (usually into SM)."

John Caldera, Bear columnist for the San Francisco gay magazine *Wholeness*.

## P-town Takes On New Meaning

One of the six Latin King gang members on trial for murder, drug dealing and extortion in Providence, Rhode Island

stood up, turned his back to the jury and pissed on the courtroom floor. Federal marshals tackled George "King Animal" Perry in midstream and removed all defendants from the courtroom. Perry had asked his lawyer if he could go to the bathroom during closing arguments.

His lawyer passed a note to the judge who stopped the argument and called a bench conference.

While the attorneys conferred, not waiting for the ruling, Perry took out his penis and urinated before the shocked courtroom. After the incident, U.S. District Judge Mary Lisi banished Perry to a cell for the rest of the trial. She later relented after 22-year-old Perry apologized.



PHOTO: DAVID HANAN

**Yale University student Rick Morris is the new Mr. Connecticut Leather. See story on page 41.**

## Russians Fucked By Hard Times

The demands of a free market economy can be a little rough at first. Just ask the workers at the Akhtuba factory in Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad, in southeast Russia). According to the Economist, cash flow being as it is these days in the former Soviet Union, workers were paid their February wages in the product manufactured at the plant.

The factory which used to produce marine navigation equipment was forced to pay workers in their current line of consumer goods: rubber dildos. Even worse,

when workers tried to sell the dildos to local sex shops, they found that "the market had moved on to electronic vibrators and insert dildos were unsalable."

As a gesture of post-cold war goodwill, Drummer inquired about purchasing the surplus toys but our calls to the Russian consulate in San Francisco remain unanswered.

## Hanging's Too Good For 'Em

Four members of the Jim Rose Circus were arrested in Lubbock, Texas, on a misdemeanor charge of breaking an adult enter-



tainment law. They were later released on bond but three face a \$500 fines and a fourth faces up to \$1,000 fine for allegedly yelling profanities during the arrest.

"They're not your average circus and they were definitely doing things that belong in a nightclub," said Police Officer Mike Crain of the Mexican Transvestite Wrestlers who performed only briefly in the north-west Texas town.

The defendants expressed disbelief that authorities would object to cinder blocks hanging from hooks attached to their nipples, a signature part of their act. Circus Operator Jim Rose called the Lubbock Police "small town bullies" whose actions were out of line.

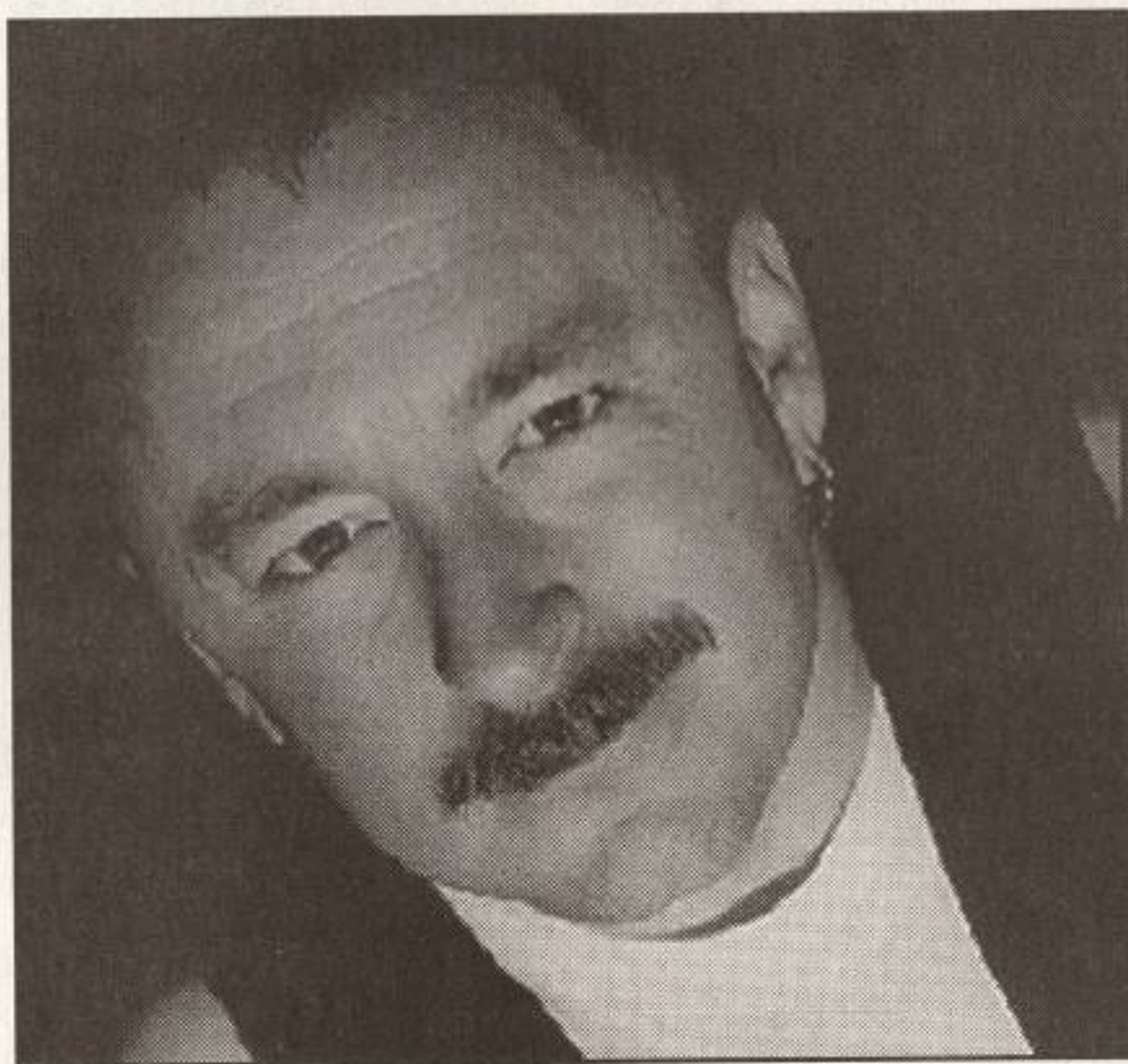
"They had a problem with the Mexican Transvestite Wrestlers Show simulating a sex act," complained Rose. "It's certainly like no sex act I've ever seen."

Now if there had been ball weights involved, we might have understood making such a fuss.

## 2 Out of 3 Comics Recommend

The following routine, quoted in Out Magazine, is from the repertoire of well-known gay comic Danny Williams:

"For years, my lover and I lived in the suburbs. Our next-door neighbors were Jehovah's Witnesses. Pretty much who I would pick to have



**Comedian Danny Williams**

as neighbors, right? They thought nothing of coming to my house with their copies of Watchtower and Awake and telling me to live my life the way they did. I never went to their house and said, "Here's a copy of Drummer. I want you to have your nipples pierced by tomorrow."

We are planning on using this and more of Williams' ideas during our new subscription campaign in Utah.

## Crotch Team

Every small business must address the sensitive issue of sexual harassment. The latest self-help book for business, with the ambitious title of "The Book That's Sweeping America; Or, Why I Love Business" by Stephen Michael Peter Thomas (Wiley, \$17.95) suggests strategies for dealing with this delicate

dilemma. The book recommends creating a "Touch Team" consisting of people from Human Resources, Security and other departments which would oversee an "Employee Survey of Touching Habits and Attitudes" to assess the employee's level of concern and tolerance for touching. Some of the sample questions:

- When is a slap on the butt appropriate?
- How long should a handshake last?
- What do you do if a colleague's foot "bumps" yours under a conference table?
- Should European men be allowed to kiss American men? (Of course, we thought this one was required by international law.)

Here at Drummer, being the 90's kind of organization we are, we were eager to comply with the new etiquette of

business. However, the industry is somewhat unique. So, to customize the survey for our purposes, we have expanded the survey to include:

- Can withholding punishment be considered harassment?
- At the weekly St. Beatings, who takes notes while the secretary's on the rack?
- Which staff member should be designated to sleep with the printer when necessary to the magazine print?
- Should he be chosen for seniority?

- When interviewing Drummer model, is it considered polite to wipe up the steel ruler before measuring dick size?
- During off hours if you take a trick into Drummer offices, some of your fellow employees who have more rank than you already there trick with someone is it okay to pull rank or is it cum first serve?

## Behind Every Good Representative

We love you Barney, yes we do! We stumbled across a delicious piece of the past we thought might interest our readers: "Exceptionally good looking, personable muscular athlete is available. Hot bottom large endowment equal great time." — *St. Gobie's 1985 class ad in The Washington Blade. U.S. Representative Barney Frank, D-*





Leatherers at Rubbout 6 held last April in Vancouver, BC.

...at from Massachusetts, answered it, the two men ...nded, and Gobie then ...n his prostitution ser- ...ce out of Frank's base- ...ent apartment for the ...st two years.

#### Rubbout 6 In Vancouver

...was a great weekend ...t everyone who atten- ...ed Rubbout 6 in Van- ...couver, BC. From April ...6, sixty-plus men and ...omen from British ...olumbia, Oregon, and ...Washington State ...neaked out each other's ...ear, dined and played at ...wide range of ...ancouver's rubber- ...friendly establishments. ...umor has it that ...throughout the weekend ...mpromptu" water

sports kept spouting up and royalty, in the names of Empress XXVI Wanda Fuca and Emperor Marty graced the goings on.

According to Bill "Northwind" Houghton (Head Gummi Bear of

Rubbout) this year's event, co-sponsored by Men In Boots, International (with ticket sales handled by Mr. BC Leather David and Scotty of MIB) was the best Rubbout event ever.

#### Cell Block Leatherman '97

Over President's Day weekend the new Cell Block Leatherman '97 was chosen. The new title holder, Brian-Mark Conover, will represent Cell Block at this year's International Mr. Leather contest. Judges were Cell Block Leatherman '96, Bill Kelly; International Mr. Leather '96, Joe

Gallagher; Mr. Vulcan Rubber '97, Rich Villagrancia; and International Mr. Drummer '95, David W. W. Walker. Guest M.C. for the weekend was Frank Norwicki.

First runner-up was Mufasa, who will compete in the American Leatherman contest. And, second runner-up was Tom Otten. These men prevailed over a field of seven other contestants.

#### Yaleman and Leatherman?

Thanks to Rick Morris, Yale University now has halls of leather. This third-year student at Yale's Drama School won Mr. Connecticut Leather.

The Tennessee born 220-pound Morris competed at The Brook, in Westport, Connecticut in several categories, including formal leather, jock-strap and the "ultimate leather look."

Reactions at Yale have been positive, says Morris. "Classmates as well as instructors think it's great," he says.

According to Morris one administrator even acknowledged that she often enjoyed frequenting leather bars in her youth.

PHOTO: LAN2/CHICAGO



Finalists in the Cell Block Leatherman '97 Contest.



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Classified ads start on page 65



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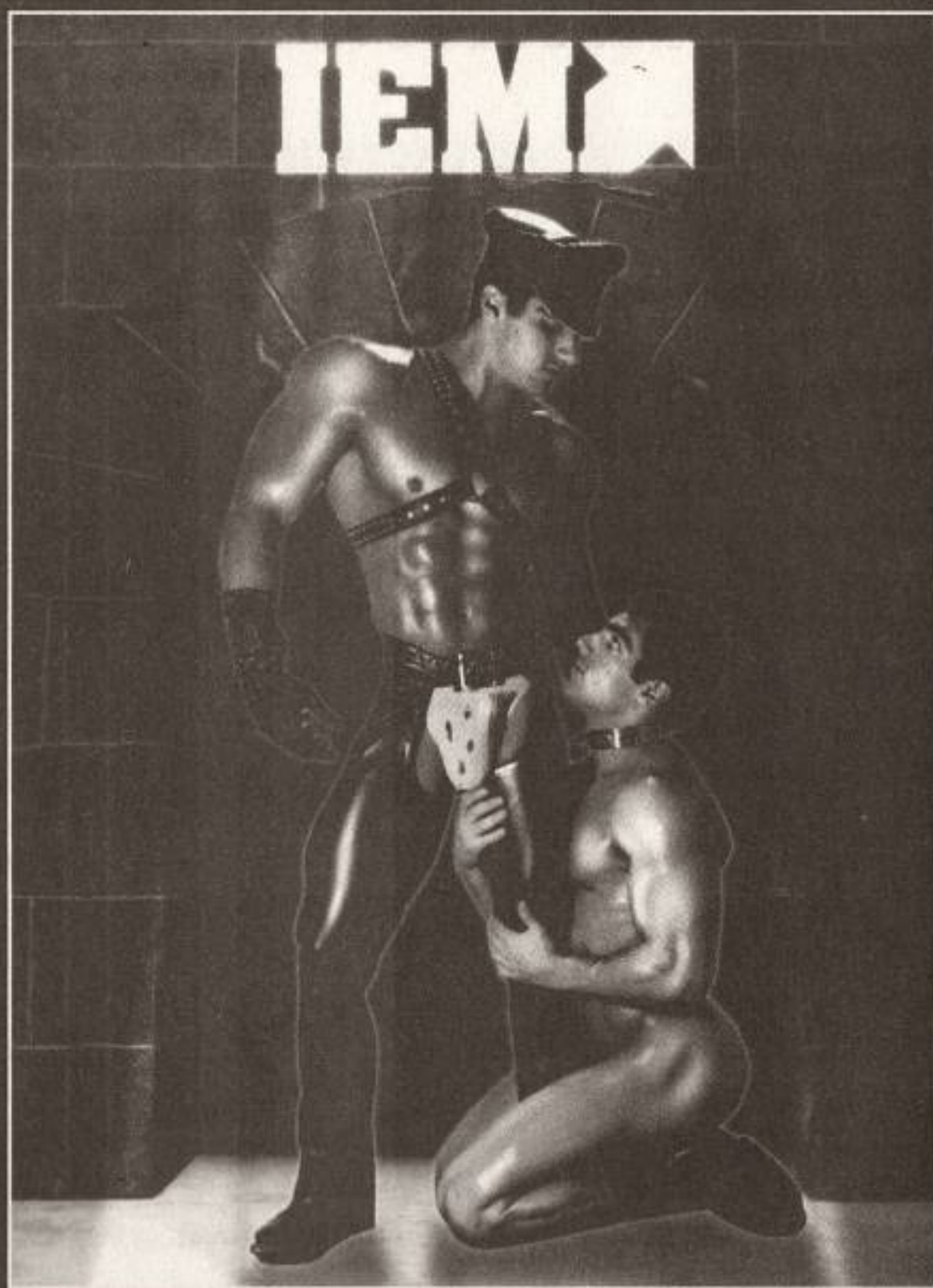
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## Cock Sorcery

If you are anywhere near Ghana anytime too soon, be forewarned: you better keep your dick in your drawers because rumor has it that penis-shrinking sorcerers are working their magic, causing men's cocks and balls to take a hike. Actually, police state that pickpockets spread the rumors about cock-shrinking sorcerers so that the thieves could better work the frenzied hordes that formed to track down the alleged dick shrinkers. So, gentleman, check your packages at the borders of Ghana.

## Celebrate the Maypole

Memorial Day, Armed Forces Day, Mother's Day. As if May didn't have enough going on what with Memorial Day, Mother's Day and Armed Forces Day. Leave it to some San Franciscans to declare May Masturbation Month. The brainchild of Good Vibrations, a San Francisco-based sex toy store, Masturbation Month includes a "Salute to Masturbation" video screening at a local theater and clips of masturbation scenes from educational videos and porn videos.

There was also a "Masturbator's Hall of Fame," showcased at Good Vibrations, which honors the courageous celebrities who tout the benefits of a good jerk off sessions. Among the celebrities are: Dennis

Rodman, Bruce Willis, the Artist Formerly Known as Prince and Seinfeld. Also sponsoring the "Top 10 People to Masturbate To" contest, Good Vibrations is seeking your ten favorite people you think about when you jerk off. For more information (and who knows perhaps sponsor your own JO Hall of Fame call: (415) 974-8980.

## Jock the Vote

The San Francisco 49'ers, making a play for gay voters for an upcoming referendum on their proposed stadium, announced a new domestic partnership policy. Carmen Policy, the team's president, outlined the organization's plan to offer equal benefits to gay and lesbian partners with great flourish at a recent press conference.

Few of the city's gay football fans were fooled. The team made the move just two months before they would have been forced to comply with San Francisco's domestic partnership standards anyway or lose their relationship with the city.

This only weeks after the 49'ers called the Drummer offices to offer the magazine a high-profile corporate sponsorship, complete with box tickets and photo opportunities with some of the team's star players. The salesman demurred after he was informed of our publication's content.



PHOTO: CALINA VIDEO

## Are used jockstrap sales next for the S.F. 49'ers?

Considering this new relationship with San Francisco's gay community, it can be only a matter of time before Drummer has another source of beef for its photo spreads.

Meanwhile, we can hardly wait for Used Jockstrap Day.

## Officer, I'm Just Pissing

Three men masturbating together in a Munich, Germany, subway toilet did not "breach the peace" or commit "gross indecency," a judge ruled March 24, reported the Sueddeutsche Zeitung.

The men were arrested by two plainclothes police officers who allegedly were looking for drug dealers.

But the judge said the officers would have to have felt personally sexually molested for the charges against the men to make sense.

One of the men, a married Turkish father, denied he was masturbating and explained to the court, in great detail, how his urination ritual might be misconstrued as self-stimulation.

## Is A Cock A Turkey?

Campy turkeys are the stars of a new Brazilian anti-AIDS campaign.

The word "turkey" refers to both a bird and a penis in Portuguese, just as "cock" does in English.

"The televised turkeys are dressed up like Carmen Miranda, pirates and other festive Carnival characters," explained Andre Caldeira of the Master Communication ad agency, which created the spots. The turkeys also appear on 2.5 million condom-sized wallets being handed out in conjunction with the turkey spots.



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## MISTER DRUMMER

### The March To

### International Mr. Drummer 1997

The road to the International Mr. Drummer contest in San Francisco begins with small, local Drummer contests across the country. The winner of Mr. Local City Drummer and Mr. State

Drummer goes on to compete at one of twelve regional contests.

This year's competitors includes a 31-year-old photographer from Paris, Fabrice van den Bossche, Mr. Drummer Europe.

Mr. Drummer regional contests in the U.S. are held in Dallas, Atlanta, New York, Baltimore, Los Angeles, Denver, Boston, Ft. Lauderdale, San Francisco, Columbus (OH) and this year in St. Louis.

Drummer welcomes The Gateway Motorcycle Club of St. Louis as the new sponsors of the Mr. Great Plains Drummer Contest and the famous Lure bar in New York City as the new sponsors of the Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest.

These twelve men will stand before the crowd in September, and one will be chosen to represent the community. They will bring with them their fantasies and their speeches to a panel of esteemed judges.

From among eleven regional Drummerboys, a new International Drummerboy for 1997 will be chosen.

Clubs, bars and community organizations hold local contests.

If you would like to sponsor a local Mr. Drummer contest, contact the Regional Contest Coordinator at P.O. Box 410390, San Francisco CA 94141. Telephone: (415) 252-1195. Fax: 415-252-9574. E-mail at DrummHQ@slip.net



### International Mr. Drummer 1997 REGIONAL CONTESTS

**June 15**

Mr. Southeast Drummer  
Atlanta

**June 27**

Mr. Northeast Drummer  
New York

**July 12**

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather,  
Baltimore

**July 26**

Mr. Southern California  
Drummer, Los Angeles

**August 2**

Mr. Rocky Mountain  
Drummer, Denver

**August 2**

Mr. New England  
Drummer, Boston

**August 9**

Mr. Florida Drummer  
Ft. Lauderdale

**August 16**

Mr. Northern California  
Drummer, San Francisco

**August 22**

Mr. Great Lakes  
Drummer, Columbus

**September 6**

Mr. Great Plains  
Drummer, St. Louis

**September 27**

International Mr.  
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A contestant fantasy from the 1996 International Mr. Drummer Contest



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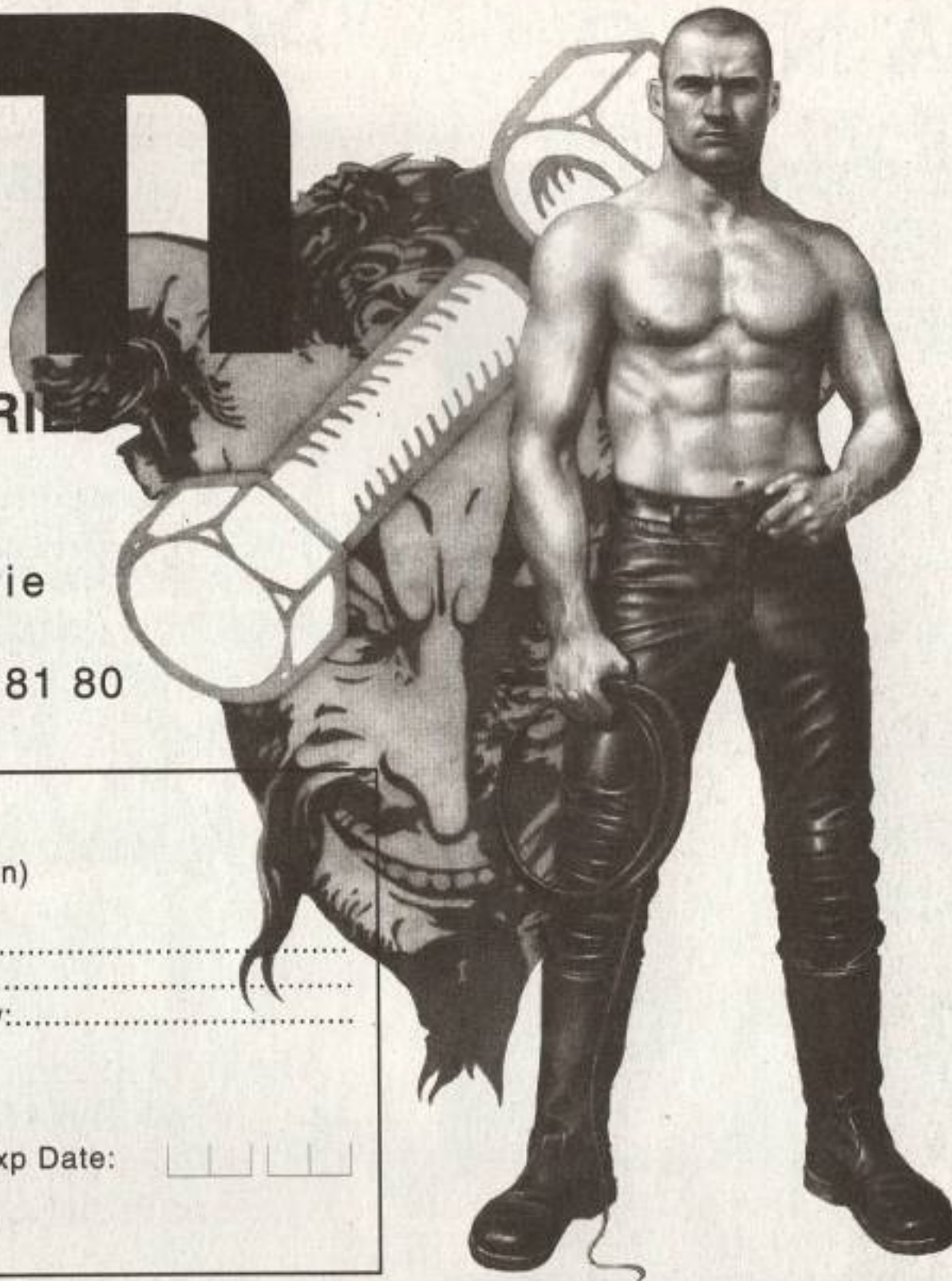
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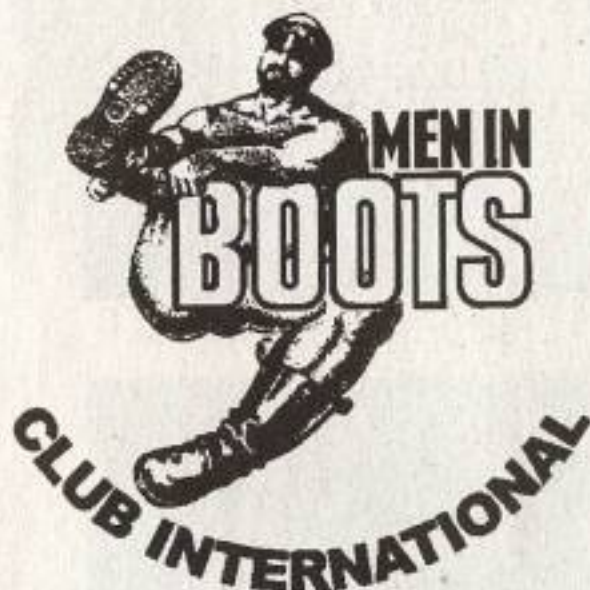
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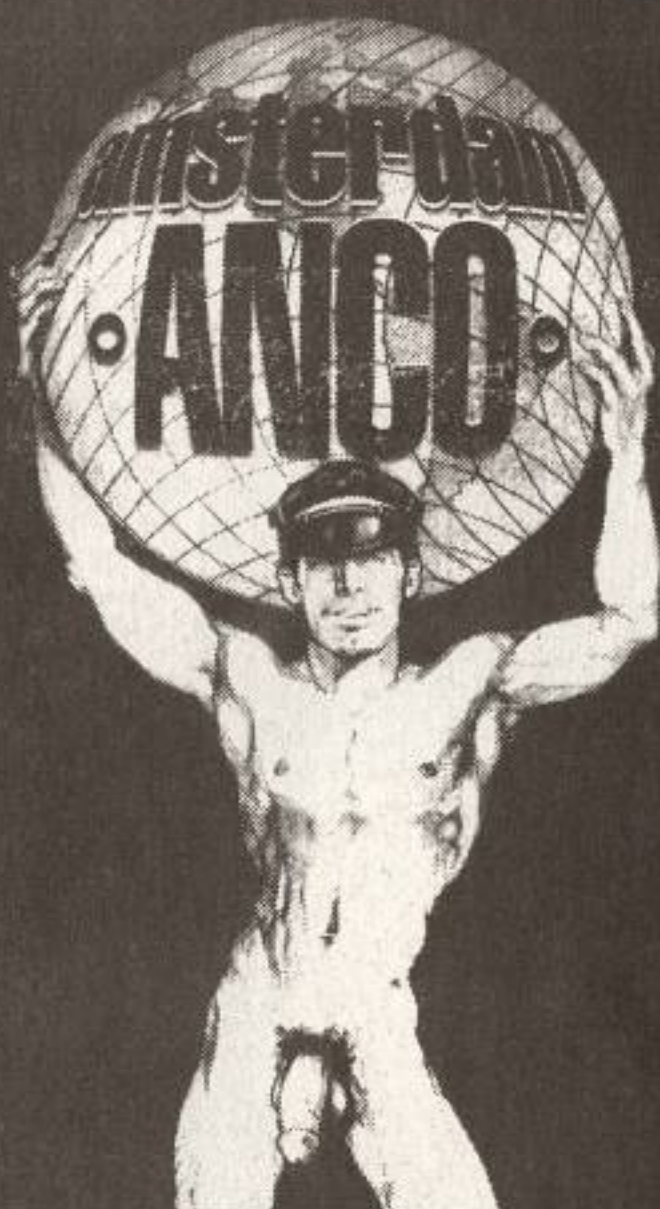
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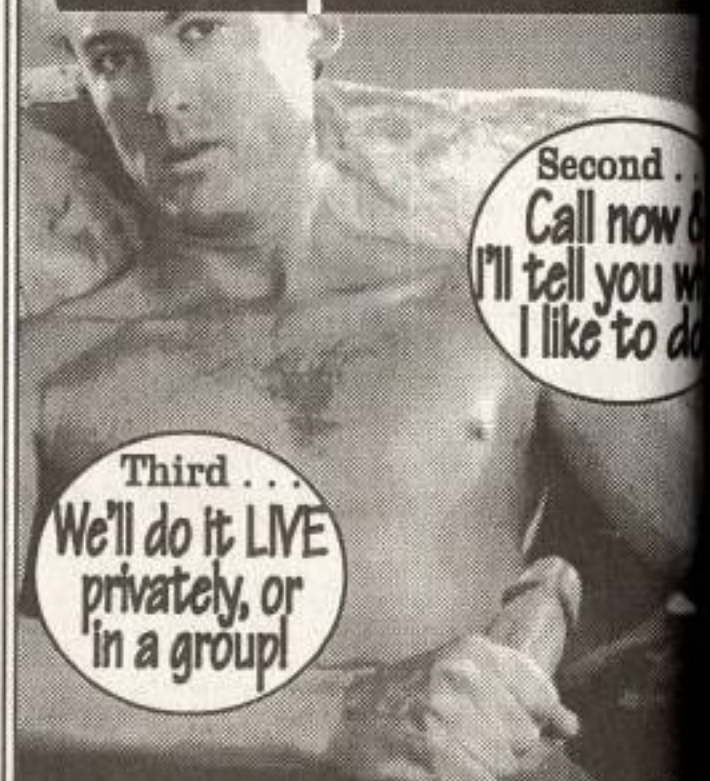
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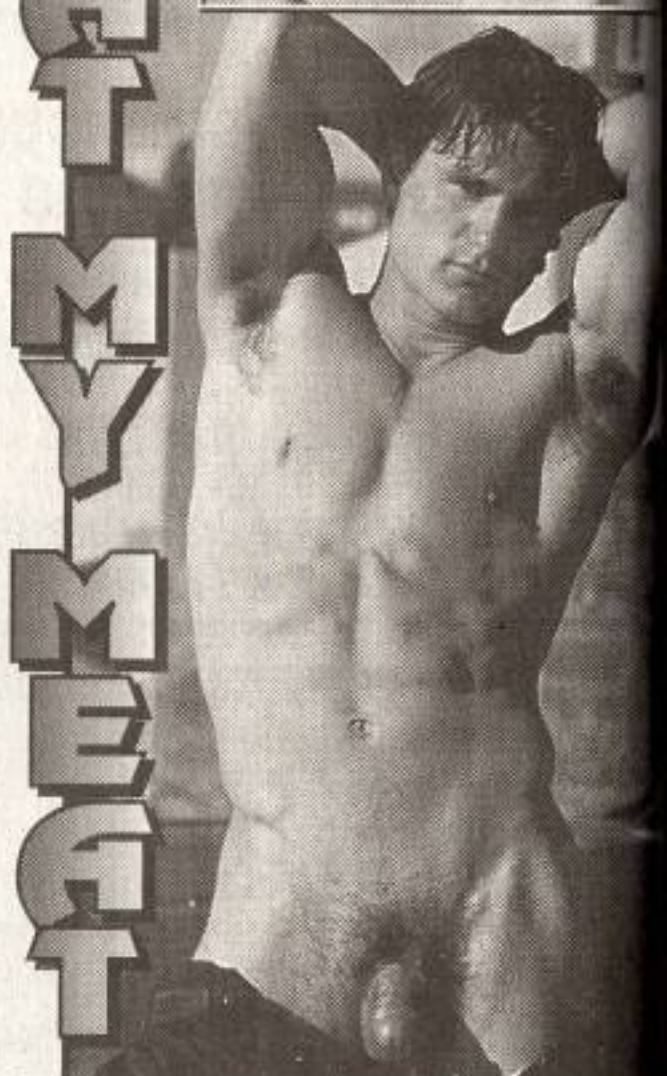
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# BOOK SECTION

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fiction by Al Lujan p. 61

## BOOK REVIEWS

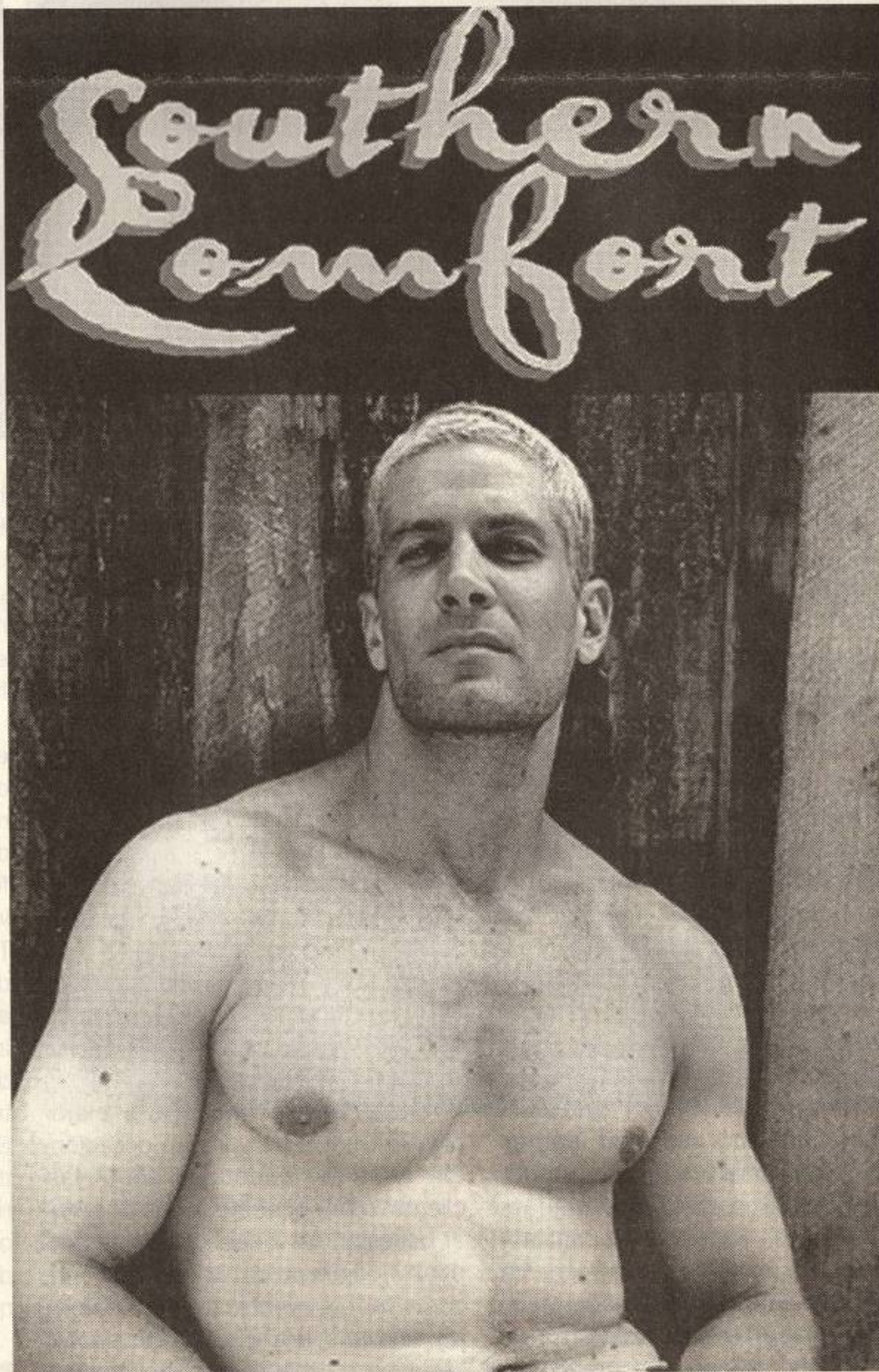
David May

### **Southern Comfort**

Edited by David Laurents. Published by St. Boy, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York, 10017, 266 pages, plus notes about the authors, \$6.50.

I approached this book with trepidation. Being the offspring of New England Yankees, I inherited my parents' disdain for the South, and we never eroticized the South as others have. Whatever my prejudices, however, they were pushed aside (though occasionally con- vinced) reading this delicious compilation of erotic short fiction about the American South.

Laurents has compiled in this book a collection of 16 short stories by some of today's best erotic writers. Divided into several categories—Kissing Cousins, Southern Comfort, Race and Class, and Full Food, the stories cover a wide



variety of sexual motifs peculiar to the South.

Of most interest to me, however, were the two historical fictions in the section about the Antebellum South.

Martin Palmer's *The Tutor* is the tale of a Yankee school teacher who develops a friendship with the manservant assigned to him by his employer and makes the mistake of



'learnin' the slave, a serious crime in the years before the Civil War. The story's tragic end is magnified all the more by the narrator's passive acceptance of his lover's fate. Set during the Civil War itself, Sean Martin's *The Private War Between Private Johannsen and Private Fontana*, is a sexually heated, but ultimately romantic, tale of two privates on opposite sides of the war who must fight, but end up loving, each other.

If a Southern accent gets you hard, this book is for you. If not, there is still much here that will interest, and get off, the average gay pervert.

### Leathersex Q&A

*Questions About Leathersex and the Leather Lifestyles Answered.* By Joseph Bean. Published by Deadalus Publishing, 584 Castro Street, Suite 518, San Francisco CA 94114, 227 pages, \$16.95.

When I first came out into leather, I learned the ropes from older, more experienced leathermen. Often the information took the form of folk wisdom, other times hard facts learned at great expense and serious study. Whatever I could learn I made the most of and shared with others because there was so little in print. Joseph Bean has put much of that folk wisdom and fact into a readable, entertaining, and informative book that I wish I had 15 years ago.

Written in a Q&A format, Bean answers many of the questions that he has been asked over the years as a visible and informed leatherman. His answers are concise, never avoiding difficult subjects except to tell us when he can only answer a question as a layman. He covers the usual expected topics surrounding leather culture; such as the differing dynamics of Daddy/boy and Master/slave relationships, safety tips for bondage and flagellation, and how to find a suitable play partner. More than that, he also takes on questions about sex and spirituality, the altered conscious-



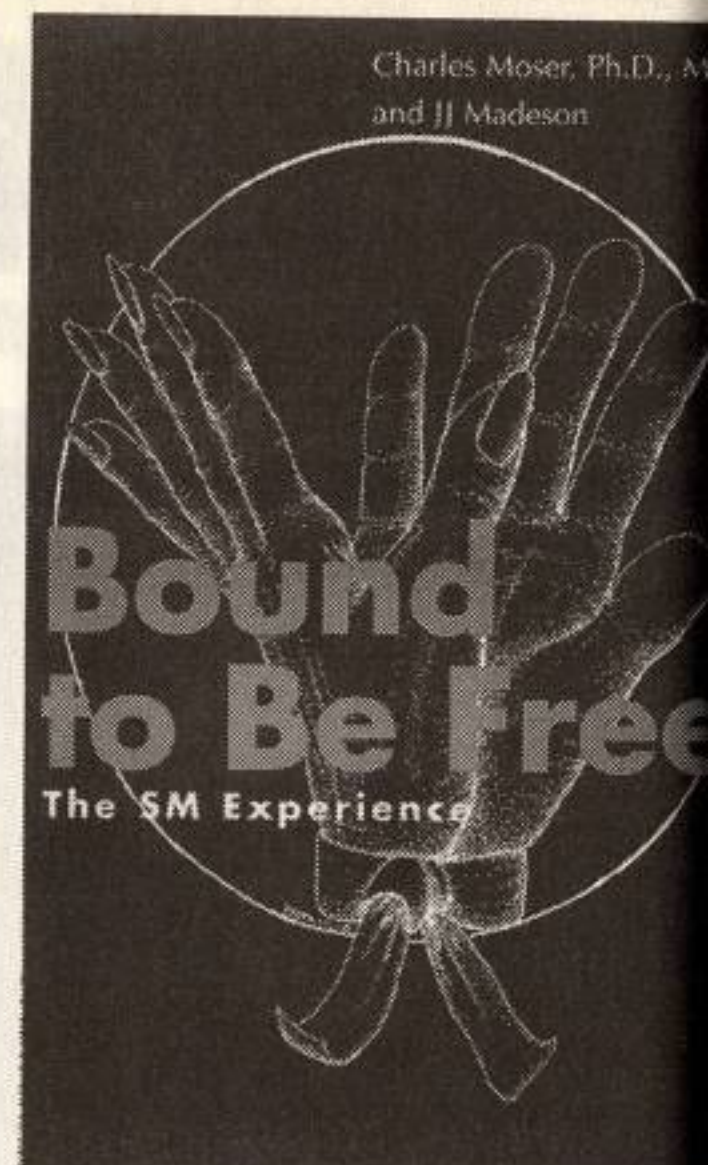
ness that can occur during SM, as well as religious and political issues.

While referring often to the leather's Old Guard, and clearly nostalgic for it, Bean doesn't try to define today's leather culture by it so much as clarify questions we may have about it, leaving us with a greater appreciation for their legacy. Bean has given us a gift with this book, one we should all appreciate.

### Consensual Sadomasochism

*How to Talk About It and How to Do It Safely.* By William A. Henkin and Sybil Holiday. Published by Deadalus Publishing, 584 Castro Street, #518, San Francisco CA 94114, 227 pages, plus Bibliography and List of Resources, \$16.95.

Since my best friend is a therapist, but not a pervert, he occasionally asks me questions about his clients' more extreme forms of sexual behavior, his questions prompted not by judgment by his very real concerns for his clients' physical safety. My answers are usually the same, "As long as they know what they're doing, they should be okay." Since I've only watched some edge play from a distance, however, I'm sometimes unequipped to tell him more than that or even where he can get more information. But, now, like a



much needed tonic, Henkin and Holiday, two well respected figures in the Bay Area SM community, have given us "Consensual Sadomasochism" as handy an SM reference guide as we are ever to find. It's exactly what the doctor ordered.

Written by two experienced sex educators, one a therapist and the other a professional dom, this informative and entertaining "How To" is divided into two main sections. The first explains clearly, and without a lot of jargon, what SM is and is not. The second section explains how to do SM safely, why some practices are only for those with special training, and even why some forms of bondage and edge play might be better avoided entirely. Well versed in SM lore and technique, respectful of the Old Guard but not enslaved to it, Henkin and Holiday have written one of the best SM reference books to date, and the one I'll recommend to my friend the therapist.

### Bound to Be Free

*The SM Experience.* By Charles Moser, Ph.D., MD and JJ Madeson. Published by Continuum Books, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017, 205 pages, \$24.95.

There was a time when the only printed information about SM was



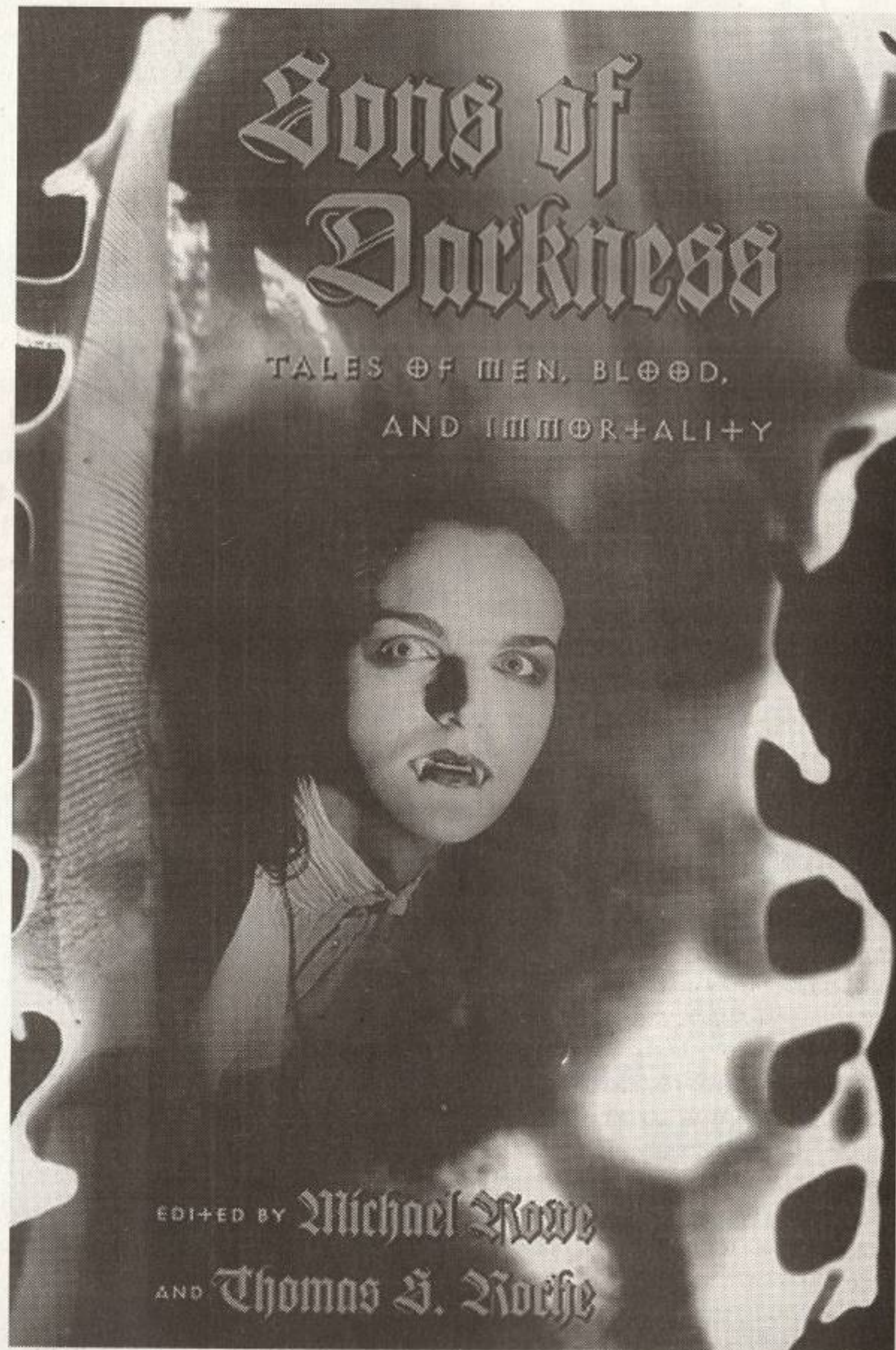
rather was diagnostic in nature and written for psychiatrists. The real information that new adherents to SM and leather culture sought was only available orally from what we now call the Old Guard. Recently, however there has been a plethora of books about SM, volumes of hands-on advice on how to be a successful pervert. In light of SM's emergence from the publishing closet, *Bound to Be Free* was inevitable. While hardly groundbreaking in terms of new information, this book is refreshing insofar as it explains SM in non-judgmental terms. The authors make the effort to explore a wide variety of experiences from a diverse collection of sadomasochists in a readable and enjoyable style.

Co-authored by a male psychotherapist and a practicing male sadomasochist, *Bound to Be Free* seeks to explain SM for the non-practitioner in terms of possible psychodramas and sensory stimulation. Aimed at mental health professionals and written mostly from a heterosexual perspective, the book still manages to quote freely from lesbian and gay male sources throughout, not bothering to make a distinction (possibly because there isn't much of one) between the queer and straight SM experience. Still, this book may not be of much interest to the average pervert as there isn't much here that most leather folks don't already know, though it might be of interest to the new initiate seeking to understand, and validate their sexual longings.

#### **Sons of Darkness**

*Tales of Men, Blood and Immortality.* Edited by Michael Rowe and Thomas J. Roefhe. Published by Cleis Press, Box 8933, Pittsburgh PA, 15221. 181 pages. \$12.95.

Anne Rice made vampire literature popular by exploring the erotic potential of the genre while at the same time asking serious questions



about morality, mortality and the meaning (if any) of human existence. The element of horror often took a back seat in this new vampire fiction as the existential crises of the vampire was illuminated. That a kind of romantic vision has evolved around the vampire's angst was inevitable as more writers sought to cover the same territory.

*Sons of Darkness* is an anthology of new vampire fiction from a queer male perspective. The stories here

are consistently entertaining and worth reading. Two of the most romantic stories here — written by women, Poppy Brite and Pat Califia — are also two of the most disturbing as they delve further into the ancient relationship.

Taking on queer specific themes in a new context, this anthology, while aimed at vampire and horror fans, should appeal to a wide cross section of queer readers.



# On your knees, boy

**I said, get down on your knees, boy. Good boy. Now, boy, I want you to take a pen and fill out this order form for the all-new RoB catalog. I'm going to give you one minute in which to obey me, boy, and if you haven't filled out this order form perfectly, then you know what's going to happen. Well, for starters I'm going to give your pussy-boy ass a walloping it won't soon forget. more importantly, you're never gonna receive the newest and largest RoB catalog ever. catalog that's bursting with the best selection of leather and rubber gear that any true slave can get an instant hard-on over. So you see, boy, if you don't fill this out, you're just never going to suck on that new gag your Master was going to order to fill that pretty little scum-sucker mouth of yours. You'll also never get a chance to order those new leather chaps that you were going to get for your Master, and that means you'll never be able to clean them with your tongue like a good groveling slave boy should. So, boy, why the fuck aren't you writing? I told you to fill this out NOW. I mean it, you little shit. You've got only 30 more seconds. Do it**

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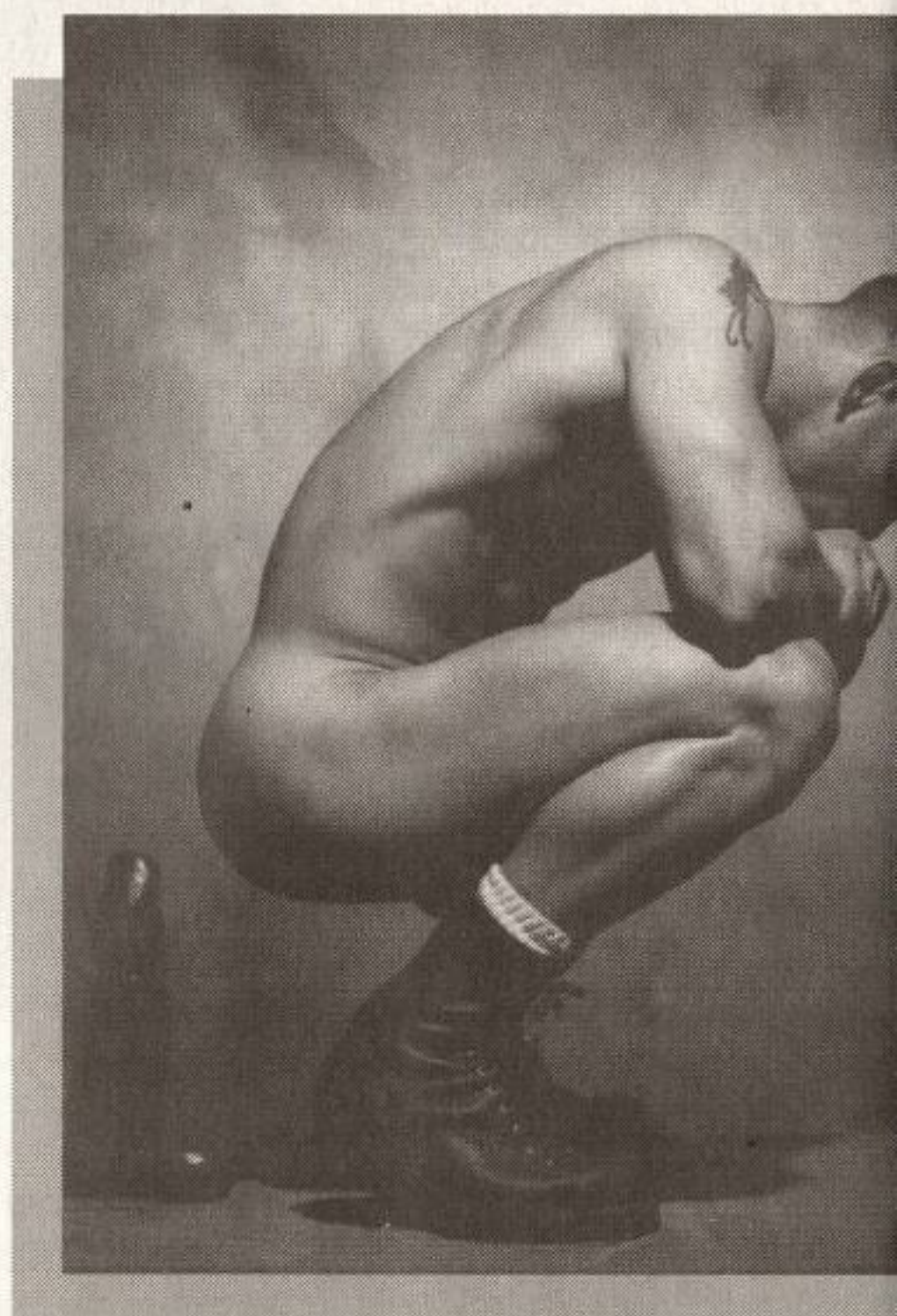
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# PIGEON

FICTION BY GEORGE EDWARDS

**WE GOT INTO THE CAR...**

**MITCH AND ME, A THREE-YEAR-OLD IRON GRAY CHEVY. INCONSPICUOUS SO IT WOULD BE HARDER TO REMEMBER. WE WORE DARK SUITS TO LOOK LIKE BUSINESSMEN, SALESMEN MAYBE. MITCH IS A COUPLE YEARS OLDER THAN ME, 25 OR SO. HE'S A TALL GUY, WELL SET UP, WITH BROAD SHOULDERS AND A BIG OPEN FACE. WE WERE WORKING FOR DANNY DONOVAN, WHO EVERYONE CALLS "THE DON." TRUTH IS, MITCH IS AN ENFORCER AND I'M LEARNING THE BUSINESS.**

we're going to find when we get there. But that's all I know. It's not a good idea sometimes to know too much in advance.

We're not saying much, but suddenly, Mitch says,

"Son of a bitch." I say, "Huh?"

"Bo, the cocksucker. Hiding out in the boondocks where nobody knows how to get to."

I shrug and say, "You said he's staying at his sister-in law's. I can get us there. Okay?"

"Yeah, the cocksucker thought he could outsmart the Don. But you know what? His girl friend ratted on him. She figures he's a dead duck anyway and she wants to get in good

with the Don so she let the Don tap her phone and sure enough he calls her. Stupid motherfucker."

I say, cautious, trying not to sound curious, "When we find him..."

Mitch smiles, a big open smile and says, "I knew you were going to ask that. You'll see when we get there."

I couldn't help myself. I hunched my shoulders for a second and asked without looking around, "We g.....?"

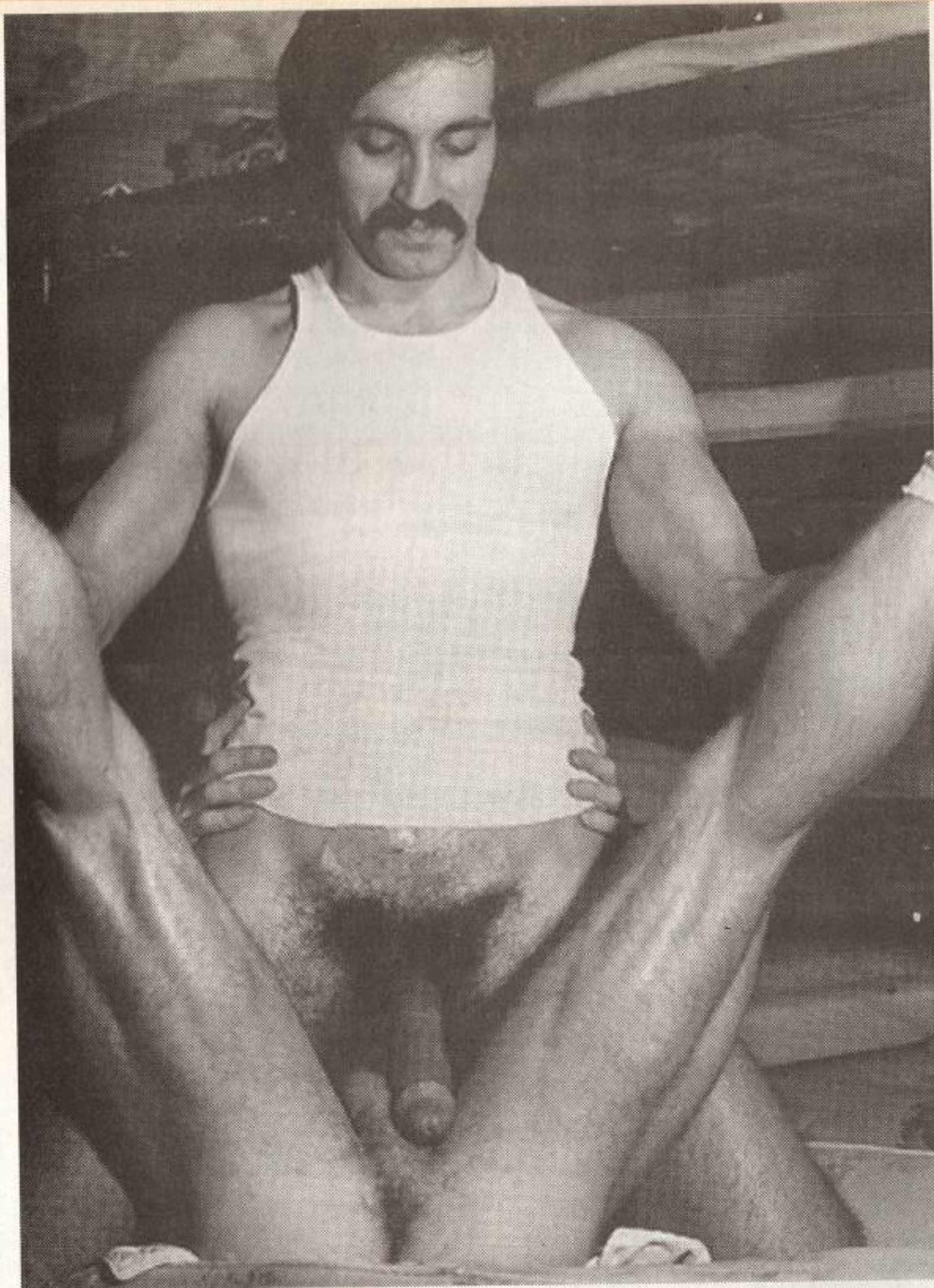
Mitch says, "Forget it, Luis. You'll see when we get there."

We drove for an hour, first on the highway, then on a county road and finally through a small town. On the other side of the town an area of big houses some looking old, some looking like they had just been built surrounded by big lawns and big trees. It's the middle of the morning

So far, I haven't done more than collect protection money. It's Mitch's car but I'm driving. Neither of us says anything as we head North toward the George Washington bridge. As we cross the bridge, Mitch looks at his map and asks, "You know where we're going?"

I say, "Sure enough - Packway. We've been there before. There should be no problem finding the place." I know where we're going and who





**BO TURNS AWAY FROM US. HE  
PUSHES HIS SHORTS DOWN,  
STEPS OUT OF THEM AND THEN  
HIS JOCK STRAP. HE GETS DOWN  
ON THE FLOOR, ON HIS BELLY  
AND PUTS HIS HANDS UP IN  
FRONT OF HIS FACE. HE'S VERY  
STIFF, ALMOST RIGID.**

and on this road we haven't passed any other cars.

Finally Mitch, who has been consulting a map and watching the mail boxes, says, "I been watching. It should be the next one, shouldn't it?"

"Yeah that big old house up ahead should be it. What do we do? Leave the car?"

"Park off the road if you can." I parked the car in a small cleared spot next to the road and we got out. Mitch squared his shoulders and patted the holster under his arm. There was a driveway leading uphill from the road, but Mitch gestured to me and we crossed this wide, well kept lawn. I noticed that there was no car parked in front of the house, and none in the two-car garage whose doors were wide

open. The house windows were closed, but as we got closer, I could hear the low buzz of an air conditioner.

As we approached the house Mitch said, "Let's go around to the back." We walked around the house to the back door. Mitch climbed to the back porch, put a big hand on the knob and tried it, but it was locked. He looked around and spotted a cellar door with four steps going down to it. He came back, went to this door, and found it unlocked. He beckoned with his head for me to follow him and went through the door.

We were in a big room with wood stacked neatly against one corner, a block wall, two bicycles against another wall, some lawn chairs, and a damp cellar smell to it. There was another wall, covered in unpainted sheet rock and with a door in it. From the other side of the door, we heard muffled indefinite sounds.

We moved quietly to the door. On the way, Mitch reached inside his jacket and took a .38 out of his shoulder holster. Then he tried the door very quietly and gently, threw it open, like cops on one of those TV shows.

The room had a couple of wood tanks, a furnace, a couple of chairs and a set of weights on a stand. Right now, lying on his back on a floor mat, and pushing a weight up above his head was the man we had come to find - Bo.

Bo looked up, saw the two of us and said, "Oh shit! Oh Christ!" He managed to get the weight back to his chest and then onto the weight stand. Mitch said, "Hi, Bo."

Bo didn't say anything. Bo was in his middle twenties, with dark hair and fair complexion. Bo was bare chested so I could see that he had a deep chest with thick slave pectoral muscles jutting out from a looking rock solid. He climbed from under the weight he had put down and stood up. He



average height with strong muscular legs and big arms. Right now there were beads of sweat on his shoulders and on his forehead. His hazel eyes were wide - alert and frightened.

Mitch said, "We got a message from the Don. In two parts." He looked at me. "Go lock both outside doors."

I locked the outside door and then the door to the room we were in. There was a stairway going up to the rest of the house. Mitch glanced at it and asked, "Who's upstairs?"

"No one, they both work."

"Go take a look, Luis. Make sure the front door is locked too."

I went upstairs, cased the joint and nobody else was home.

Returned to the basement and let Mitch know that the house was empty. Bo made a run for the door. Mitch punched him on the shoulder, forcing him back down onto the night bench. Bo looked at me for a second and said, "Hey, please guys. It's all a mistake. I can explain it all to the Don. I didn't know what they were up to."

I didn't know what he was talking about. Maybe Mitch didn't either. He said, "Shut your fuckin' hole, soft shit," and punched him again.

At this point Bo looks like he's gonna cry. Mitch says to him, "Take out the trunks and lie down on the floor, on your belly."

Bo says, "For Christ sake, fellas, it's all a mistake." I guess he figures Mitch is gonna shoot him in the head. I can smell sweat but there's something else too - the smell of piss.

Mitch says, "On the floor, puke now." He takes off his jacket and throws it over the rack of barbells. Bo loosens his tie.

Bo turns away from us and pushes his shorts down and steps out of them and then his jock strap. He lies down on the floor, on his belly and puts his hands up in front of his face. He's very stiff, almost rigid where on the floor. He has a good

back, nice strong lats, lots of definition. Not too tan. A white cannonball butt. Mitch looks at him and then reaches and takes off his belt. He stands over Bo and looks down at him. He brings his arm up with the belt, swings the belt behind his head and then brings it down, hard, across Bo's ass. Bo yelps. The belt leaves a red mark on the white ass mounds and Mitch raises it and brings it down again.

Bo is saying, "Please, please. Oh Christ! Oh please." But the belt keeps hitting his ass which is getting more marked up.

Mitch looks at me and grins and says, "You want to get in on the action?"

I grin without saying anything. I put the piece back in its holster and take off my jacket and my belt. Mitch says, "Work on his back, so we don't get in each other's way." So I stand over Bo on the other side from Mitch and I slam my belt down across that wide muscular back. Wow! It's the first time I'd done anything like that and it gives me a hard-on right away. I slam that belt hard, again and again, and with each blow my cock is pushing against my pants. Man! It's a nice feeling. Bo is squirming and jumping and yelping with the blows. Not saying anything that I can understand, just howling each time he's hit which is pretty often because neither Mitch nor I waste our time and Mitch is really creaming the guy's ass.

After a while my arm feels tired and I wonder if I should switch the belt to the other arm. But then Mitch stops swinging his belt, so I stop swinging mine. He looks at me and says, "You got a hard-on?"

I feel embarrassed but I say, "Yeah, what about it?"

Mitch nudges Bo who is lying on the floor breathing hard with his back and ass all red and marked up with welts from the two belts. Mitch says, "Bo here is gonna give us some head, ain't you, Bo?"

Bo doesn't look around. He says,

"I ain't no cocksucker."

Mitch nudges him again, curls his lip and says, "You learned to suck cock in reform school."

Bo turns, pushes himself up with one arm and says, "Hey! Shit no, man! I was a hawk in reform school. The pigeons sucked my cock."

"You're a pigeon, Bo. You just don't remember too good. But I know you were in Riveredge for two years and you sucked cock. You want to give me an argument or you going to blow us?" Mitch hefted his gun.

"Jesus Christ. You guys don't have any heart."

"No heart, Bo, but I got a hard-on." Mitch laughed at his joke and so did I.

Bo said, "Can I stand up?"

"Yeah, stand up."

Bo stood up. His chest and belly were pink and dirty from pressing against the concrete floor. Mitch said, "You do what I tell you and maybe I can give you a break."

Bo's eyes widened and he said, "Okay, okay. What do you want me to do?"

"First thing, you suck Luis's cock. But ask for it. Get down on your knees and say, 'Please, Mr. Martinez, can I suck your big cock?'"

Bo looked at me and then at Mitch. He looked like he was gonna cry. He said, "You'll give me a break?"

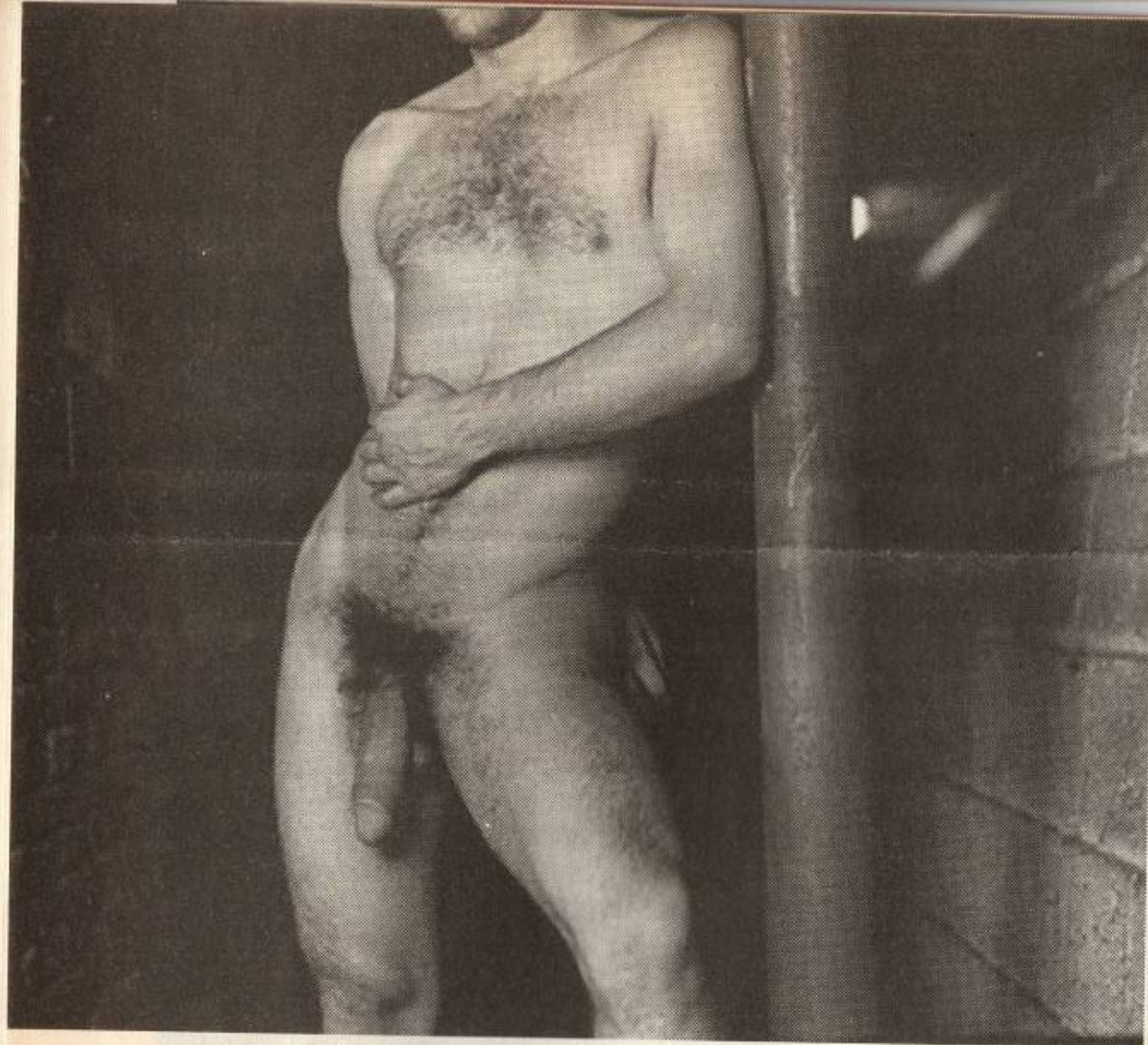
"Yeah, I'll give you a break, I promise. Mitch looked at me and said, "Take out your cock Luis. Let's see if Bo here remembers everything he learned back in the Riveredge Cottage School?"

I took out my cock. It was hard and stiff and what the hell, it's a big cock and I like to show it off. Knowing that I'm gonna get it sucked has me almost bursting. Like my cock is saying, "Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

Mitch said, "Okay, piss bucket, ask to suck that fat cock."

Bo bent his head and said in a





low voice, "Can I suck your cock?"

I was real eager at this point, so I said, "Yeah, sure. Go ahead, suck it. Suck it!"

He looked up at me like he was going to burst out crying. But then he took my cock in his mouth. He pressed his lips around the head and went back and forth over it. He knew how to do it. He got my cock halfway down his throat. He used his tongue on the under side of it. He put pressure on it and deep-throated it without gagging. I looked down at his big shoulders and his blond hair and his thick arms. One of his hands came up and he put it under my balls and the other hand went around and held my ass. He really knew how to do it. I was gasping for breath and then I was shooting a big wad down his throat.

He kept my cock in his mouth for a couple of seconds, licking the come off it and out of it and then he pulled his head back and my cock slipped out.

Mitch all the time is watching this with his arms folded, with this little smile on his face. I backed away from Bo and put my cock back in my pants. Bo sank back on his ankles.

He looked at Mitch and Mitch said, "Suppose you lie down on the mat there, so I can fuck your ass?"

Bo looked at him for a couple of seconds. Then he looked real scared and he yelled, "I ain't never been fucked, I ain't never been fucked."

"Bullshit! You mean you ain't never been fucked except for money. Well, this time, asshole, you're gonna get fucked for love." Mitch unzips and pulls out this long white cock with a sort of pointed head and waves it at him.

Bo sort of wailed, "Please, no!" but Mitch hefted his piece again and Bo lay down on the mat.

Mitch said, "You know how to do it, cunt face. Stick your ass up."

Bo obediently stuck his ass up. He made quite a sight with his muscular back, all sweaty and streaked with belt marks and his ass all red and bruised in a couple of places. Mitch spit down on his cock, rubbed the spit around and then got down over Bo. He fingered Bo's asshole to find where to put it and then suddenly he gave a shove. Bo went, "Ahhh!" and then gave this long wail as that hard stick skewered him.

**I LIKE SUCKING COCK.**

**AND HE HAS A BEAUTIFUL ONE.**

**HE'D GET ME IN THE SHOWER.**

**AND I'D HAVE TO GO DOWN ON HIM.**

**HIM LIKE IT OR NOT. THERE'S**

**NOTHING LIKE HAVING A BIG**

**BEAUTIFUL COCK SWABBING**

**YOUR THROAT.**

Mitch pumped slowly and regularly. I had just shot my wad, but in a couple of minutes my cock started to get hard again. Bo's face was all screwed up in pain and he was gasping and letting out little sobs. It wasn't music to my ears, but it sure was music to my cock because it got harder with every yelp. The tuck didn't last long. Mitch finally stopped pumping. His hips heaved a couple of times and he lay still on top of the weight lifter. Then he got up. He pulled up his briefs and his trousers. He picked his belt up off the floor and put it back in its loops.

Mitch looked at me and grinned. He said, "Hey, Luis, you look like you're drooling. I guess it's your turn." So I opened my pants again, got out old John Henry and got down over Bo. His back was all sweaty, so I tried to keep my body away from his so I wouldn't get my shirt dirty. I had no trouble finding his asshole. Wide open from Mitch's fuck. Christ! What a feeling. His asshole was sort of tight, but it was like it was sucking me in and I started pumping automatically. Nice long slow strokes and each of them gets a little sob from Bo.



While I'm pumping, Mitch gets down in front of Bo, and spreads his legs out. His pants are still unzipped, so he reaches in and gets out his limp cock and says, "Clean it off Bo, buddy!"

Bo is sobbing and shakes his head no. So Mitch grabs him by that blond hair and pulls his head all the way back and says, "Swab it, you fuck sucking faggot, or I'll break your mother fucking neck."

Needless to say, this is doing things to my cock along with the tight asshole and I'm way up there. I want to make it last, but my load has other ideas and in a couple of seconds I'm erupting like a volcano on a TV news show. Then I just collapse on top of the guy. What the hell does it matter if I get my shirt dirty? Then after a while, I pull out and stand up.

When I caught my breath I pulled up my pants and I looked at Mitch. I didn't want to ask the question, but I wanted to know what we would do next. I guess Mitch saw the question in my face. "Now," he said, "Bo here stands up. Stand up, scum bag."

Bo stood up. He looked more scared now than before. Mitch said to me, "Okay, Luis, you hold him. Get behind him."

I got behind Bo and grabbed his arms. He didn't resist. I guess there wasn't much fight left in him. Mitch came over to him and slapped his face. It jerked to one side and Mitch slapped him again so it jerked the other way. Then Mitch punched him in the chest, bare knuckled, with one hand and then the other. He punched the weight lifter's arms and belly. He didn't punch his face, but slapped it some more. It went on for quite a while. It got me horny again as I held him and could feel his body flinch with each blow. Finally Mitch stopped and nodded to me to let him go.

Bo stood there panting. He looked bedraggled, stained with sweat and dirt from the floor and the mat

Mitch got his jacket, put it on and said, "Hey, Bo, I wouldn't finish my workout if I were you. I'd take a shower. You look a mess. Then I'd hitch hike down to the bus station and be out of town."

Bo had his head hanging down. He looked up at Mitch without raising his head and said, "I got no money to get out of town."

Mitch reached in his pocket, took out his wallet and handed Bo several bills. He said, "I'll blow you for the ride. I'll blow you!" and he laughed at his joke. I laughed too.

Bo took the money, didn't know where to put it since he was naked still and finally put it down on top of his jock strap on the floor.

Mitch said, "Come on, Luis, let's blow this joint." He laughed again and said, "Blow the joint. Get it?"

We left and got back in the car and headed for New York. I drove again. After we got on the parkway, I said, without taking my eye off the road, "Hey, Mitch. What if the Don finds out you let Bo go? I mean, Bo might tell someone."

Mitch laughed, "Shit man! I got two orders from the Don. First was to beat the bastard up, which, as you could see, I enjoyed doing. The other order was to tell him to get out of town and to stay out of town. I was told to give him some money if he needed any. I delivered both my messages."

I said, still watching the road, "Nothing more?"

Mitch laughed and said, "You think I got a couple sacks of concrete in the trunk of the car? He doesn't know anything and he's harmless. Besides, he's related to the Don in some way; cousin or nephew or the son of an old girlfriend. You hear different stories."

We drove in silence for a few minutes and Mitch said, "I'm still horny from giving that rat his licks. There's a factory up ahead. Drive into its parking lot and I'll give you a blow job."

I thought about that for a second

and my cock started to get hard. I said, "I didn't know you sucked cocks."

"Why not? I was in that reform school the same time Bo was. I've changed a lot. He don't remember me."

"Does that mean you were a pigeon too?"

"Back in those days I was a skinny little kid. The muscles came a lot later. So I was a pigeon like it or not. Bo wasn't lying. He had muscles even then. One of the guards had a thing for him."

So Bo was putting out for this mother fucker of a pig which made Bo a hawk and I had to suck his cock, like it or not." He laughed. "I didn't resent it."

I like sucking cock and he has a beautiful one. He'd get me in the shower and I'd have to go down on him like it or not. There's nothing like having a big beautiful cock swabbing your throat while that nice warm water is washing your back.

While I was punching him out back there I kept thinking that I'd like to give him another blow job just for old time's sake. His cock was limp so I would have been able to suck it until it got real hard. You know we slept in dormitories, and after lights out, he'd come over to my bed and fuck my ass. I was his pigeon so the other guys couldn't touch me. Not that I would have minded.

The only thing I did resent was that he could and did beat the shit out of me a couple of times and I couldn't do anything about it."

By this time I had parked the car. Mitch said, "Hey, I tell you what. Get in the back seat and get out that big dago cock. I'll sit on your lap and you can fuck me up the ass. That is, if you got another load."

I grinned and said, "I sure have. But look, I'm not a dago."

"What are you then?"

"Hispanic-American."

Mitch shrugged and I got in the back seat.





# Skin

FICTION BY T. ELLIS

**MICHAEL WAS A SKIN. A TALL, LONG-BONED, MUSCULAR, BRACES-AND-BOOT-WEARING, HONEST TO GOD, HARD-LOOKING, SWEET BOY. BUT STILL A SKIN. NOBODY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HASSLING HIM.**



"Hey faggot!" The voice came louder and he turned on the corner where he leaned, looking mean and horny.

The denim tweaked into the crack of his ass, which was peach firm. The stretch of his cotton shirt played over his pectorals which were buffed up and tight, his nipples pressed the fabric. His crotch pushed out in the denim casing, hiked up by the cut of the Levi's and somehow tweaked by the shiny, patent leather black of the laced up Doc Martens threateningly boosting up his shins, less than a man's chest away from where their face would be when they dropped, as they regularly did, to their knees and took him in the face.

"Hey, you deaf, ya pansy?"

He turned finally, and looked. A crew of brothers in a beat up Ford were on the corner behind him, looking trashed. He sneered and looked away. This wasn't their turf. This was skin country. They should be happy to be alive.

"Hey bwa, cain't you see we talkin' to ya?" the voice came again. He looked. It was the guy in front, at the wheel. He had dreadlocks, a smile wide as all creation. Gold teeth somewhere to the side too, Michael was sure of it. "You too much of a pussy to talk to three small brothers, man? You too much of a cock-suck? Huh, fairy?"

Michael braced himself. These three would need a little manners check. A little education. Even on his own, on this turf it was a matter of honor. He ambled to the car. Upright, he was six feet tall, and his muscles made his walk, even in a shambling roll, menacing. He leaned onto the car, dropping his hands across the roof, noisily.

"Anything I can do for you boys?" he said, drawling. He'd never set foot South of the Mason-Dixie line, but he figured these colored brethren would most easily be irked by a Johnny Reb.

"Yeah, skinhead man," the golden tooth in the front seat said, "you can suck on this for me, sonny."

**"YOU LIKE THE HAND,  
WHITE-BOY? YOU LIKE THE  
BLACK MAN'S HAND  
INSIDE YOUR ASS? WHY  
DON'T YOU GET SMART  
AND TAKE THE BLACK  
COCK? YOU KNOW THAT'S  
WHAT YOU REALLY WANT."**

Michael looked down into the sawed off twin bores of a twelve-gauge shotgun, peeking just below the wound down glass lip of the window. "Get into the back seat skinhead man," gold tooth said, "we got plans for you."

He was naked, he was wet, there was blood in the bottom of his mouth, and his ass was hurting. Michael crouched in the steel tub where he was tied, still in his boots. The water was up to his calves now, as he crouched in the old tin bath. The gold tooth brother was approaching again with the sponge and leather. Another brother with a bar of soap was lathering his hands, Stokeley, he thought he'd heard the gold tooth call him. The third was taking instant pictures. Every couple of minutes another flash would go and the automatic mouth of the camera would whir and spit another print of Michael being whipped. "Smile skinhead," the camera dude would say, "Don't you like showing the inferior black man how clean living you are?"

"You ready yet, skin-man?" the gold tooth said.

"No," Michael gritted through his teeth.

"I guess you ain't clean enough yet. Stokeley, lather him up."

"Don't," Michael said, gritting again.

"You hush," gold tooth said, "or you know what'll come, and sooner."

Straining against the cuffs that bound him down into the handles of the steel tub, Michael tried in vain to move his ass so it would not be in the hand of the approaching Stokeley, a bar of soap in one hand, a rubber glove full of lather in the other and a dirty grin over his face. "You like the hand, white-boy? You like the black man's hand inside your ass? Why don't you get smart and take the black cock? You know that's what you really want."

"Fuck you, you racist fuck."

"Fuck me, oh no, little skinhead, I think we gonna be fuckin' you, ain't that right Gold?"

"Get the soap in him Stoke, and quit jabberin'."

Stokeley took a handful of soap and stuck his hand deep into Michael's crack. Michael hissed an intake of breath. The hand was pressing into him. It soaped, soaped and soaped around his ass, then pierced his hole. Deep into the ridges it went and two fingers played around and round the sphincter of his ass. Despite himself, he contracted around them.

"Hey little skinhead, there you go. You want my dick there now?"

"Go fuck yourself," Michael gritted.

"Okay," gold tooth said, "get out the way. You ready faggot?"

Stokeley got out of the way.

"Fuck you," Michael said.

"Oh you will," Gold the dreadlocked smiler said and he laid the leather crop into Michael's ass.

"Au," Michael howled. Some soap fell away from his crack as he jiggled in pain.

"Just like come dripping out your asshole," Gold's teeth smiled, "You ready for another?"

"No," Michael groaned despite himself.

"Tell you what," Gold said, "You wanna suck my dick?"

"No," Michael said, he didn't do rough tricks, he gave them. People PAID to kneel down for him.

"All right," Gold said. The riding





crop whipped.

"Aaow!" Another line joined the range of six or seven streaks of red across Michael's virgin (for whipping that is) butt. The fine fuzz of fur that covered his cheeks was no protection from the leather's angry kiss. He buckled as his knees, unused to squatting like this, cramped and locked under him.

"Let me up," he said.

"You ready to suck me?" Gold said.

"No," Michael said.

"Tell you what," Gold smiled. He walked over to the front of the tub. "You don't have to do nothing. I'll take all the heat."

In front of Michael, Gold's red denim crotch seemed enormous, just above his head. The black man pulled his zipper down and let out a huge cock, free of underwear. It was engorged. "You ready for me big man?" Gold asked.

Michael wondered. It was a lovely cock, the color of deeply varnished stripped pine with a fat vein along its side. Looked tasty, and if it weren't for the humiliation, the company, in an alley, maybe, just maybe, he'd be getting hot. Could he do it?

"Never mind faggot," Gold's voice came hard and hot. "You take a minute thinking. Maybe you ain't clean enough yet." And with that the

black cock head draped just above his mouth unleashed a stream of piss so thick and powerful it ricocheted drops off of his cheeks. The stream, hot and salty where it got into Michael's mouth despite his sputtering, washed over his hair and bare chest, down his crotch. Despite himself he felt it warming. After one hour of cold sponging and whipping in the nude he was shivering.

"All right, you want the crop again, or you want my cum?" Gold stood over him shaking last drops of piss out of his massive, still half erect truncheon.

"You fuck," Michael said, "I don't do showers."

"You do what I tell you to do, white boy," Gold said and as Michael was still opening his mouth to say "Fuck" the black man's cock started to conjugate exactly that verb on him between his lips. It was "I fuck, I have fucked, I will fuck, I am fucking" all into Michael's throat.

Unable to breathe, Michael found no other option but to relax and let the cock slide in, deep in the warmth of his mouth and to breathe through his nose. He knew if he made the slightest move with his teeth that blades would cut his balls off before Gold groaned.

"Good, little boy, now suck it, suck that black man's love tool

good, you hear, skinhead boy?"

Michael sucked. Through closed eyes, he heard the camera whirring another photograph and the bright flash told him that this time his face was in the picture. His face, with black cock driving in and out of his mouth.

He grunted as he felt a hand again at his ass. This time it was pulling his ass up, and not with a soap glove. This time the hand was parting his cheeks for another something, something hard and pressing to force against his ring. Gold pushed his cock deep in his throat and he grunted, and a second later the cock at his ass shoved and went in too, past his ring and deep inside him. He was being fucked. The camera whir went off again and he kept his eyes shut. If he kept his eyes shut perhaps this could just be a dream. A dream where he woke up in his bed, still a skinhead who was tough, still untouchable, still somebody who waited to be serviced and for payment.

The black cock in his asshole shoved deep in and a voice, maybe Gold's, maybe Stokeley's, maybe the camera-man's said, softly in his ear, "Hey faggot boy - these pictures we got here, they go directly to you skin crew, right tonight. You think they gonna like you taking black meat? You think they gonna respect you for your new, feminine side? You don't want that, then maybe we got a new late night compadre for our team. You want that? You want to be our new mascot? You our new pussy, faggot, welcome to your new life."

Michael swallowed. Gold's cock was going off inside his throat and jetting what seemed like gallons of milky cream. In his ass another cock was jerking and pushing deeper deeper till any minute now another whole lot of white was going to wash him and keep him clean. Michael relaxed and settled into the action. This new way of life wasn't going to be so bad after all.



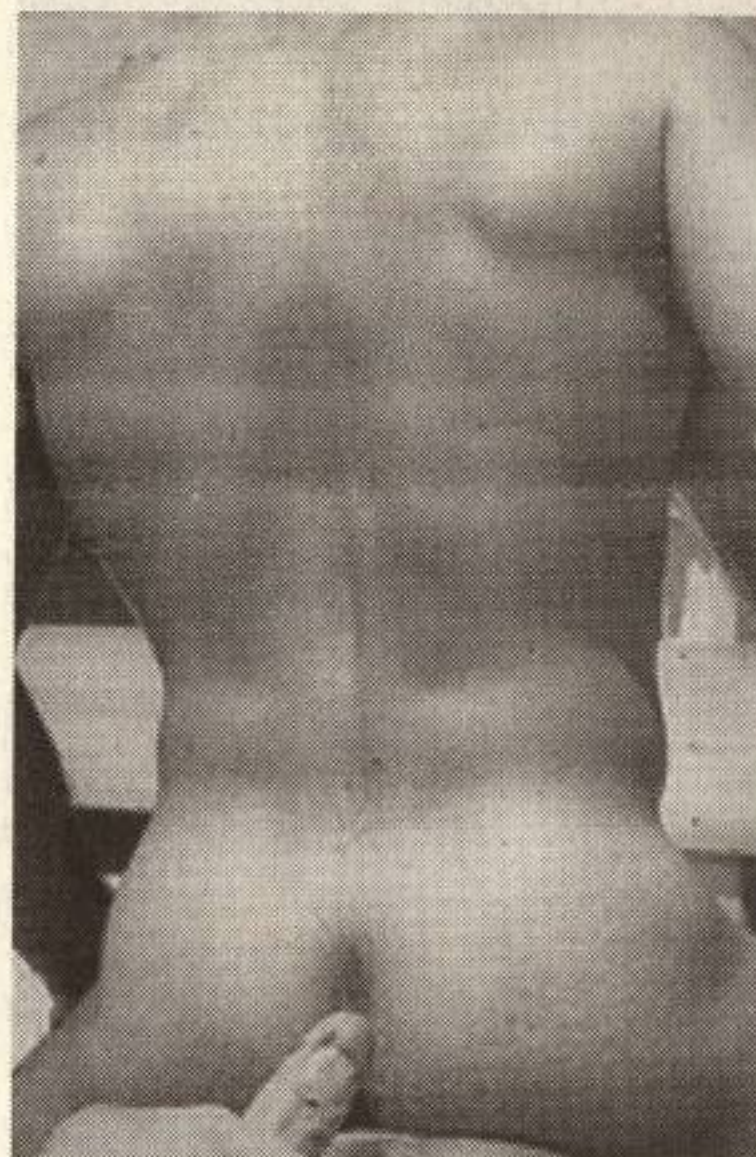
# GRIFFITH PARK ELEGY

FICTION BY AL LUJAN

**THAT MAN WAS TROUBLE AND HE WAS  
UNRAVELING MY UPHOLSTERY. HE WAS  
THE NUMBER THIRTEEN, BLACK CATS,  
BURNING CROSSES, BAD LUCK PER-  
SONIFIED. HE HAD THE QUIET DISPOSI-  
TION OF A SEDUCTIVE CULT LEADER.  
HE OOOZED: RUN AND DON'T LOOK  
BACK. BUT I COULDN'T. I WANTED HIM.**

If this story were a pile of bones, I would fracture them, pulverize them and scatter them across beautiful landscapes like the ashes of so many beautiful lovers. So intense and horrific was that afternoon that all I could really do is romanticize it, when all I should really do is let it go and not repeat what took place. Or what I believe took place. It disorients me.

I was in Griffith Park, in the heart of the City of Angels. Hanging out in a section referred to as the "meat market," where men young and old, rich and poor, gay and not gay, follow their instincts and their hard dicks like divining rods. Through a series of dirt paths that wind, in and out,



through the heavy brush. Most paths twist back into each other or branch out into small clearings where men pose, pout and hold up the trees 'til coaxed into the moaning bushes. They circle through the maze in search of the minotaur, sometimes finding him in the rustling plants. Other times what they find instead is an undercover cop busting them for obviousness.

That afternoon I marched to the topmost clearing with intent. Without distraction. It's the second highest lookout in the park. It faces west across a field of dense, brown haze that blankets the basin, except for the shaggy heads of the sixty foot palm trees that poke through here and there. That area ain't too popular with the guys, although the bushes to the left and the bushes to the right are particularly squirrely. Wide open areas make these guys uncomfortable. Some would probably go into an agoraphobic coma were they caught without a bush to scurry about in.

The vista is accessible by a dirt road that connects from the east side. Park police off-road vehicles frequently tour the area, shooting pebbles into the foliage with those knobby tires they use to hug the hill-

sides. Scares the hell out of those bush queens with sex offender histories. But not enough for them to actually leave. The vista is visible from the observatory on an adjacent peak. If you put a quarter into the binoculars and aim in the right direction...welcome to Los Angeles.

Me? Well I'm an exhibitionist. I love the great wide, white sky, the fires of dusk and the risk of getting caught as much as I love my fond memory of blood, mean teachers and the fistfights I've won.

I planted myself on one of the C-curved benches put here some forty or fifty years ago when this area was some hetero lovers' lane or tourist lookout before the observatory was built. Benches of wood and concrete, unpainted since the 70's, carved with symbols and initials. (T.D.+S.G. '63, EL HUERO CON, LA PEE WEE CON SAFOS Y QUE, and I SUCK DICK 4pm to 6pm M thru F).

I sat at the foremost bench facing out. A bench where winos died drunk and lovers fell together entangled in arms, scarves and hair. A bench with a personality like mine.

Quiet. Private. With a secret history in this part of town. There I sat with my legs spread and a look that said; "I've got less important things to do, only the serious need apply."

My olive and black Pendleton was folded across the knee of my pants, pressed with origami-tight creases. Just like my tee shirt. Just like my boxers. I resisted dressing this way growing up in East L.A. Dressing like my brother Flako and his pachuco homeboys on our block. They hung out in our garage since I can remember. Pants slung low, lowrider posters, "Calle Diesiocho" on the wall along with every members' placas on the walls. A weight bench, beer cans and KRLA on a radio connected to a car battery. The smell of weed, sweat and anarchy in the barrio.

Now, my cholo-without-a-gang-look worked me an angle on that hill. Unapproachable, rough trade, mean-dicked, risky challenge. The bold

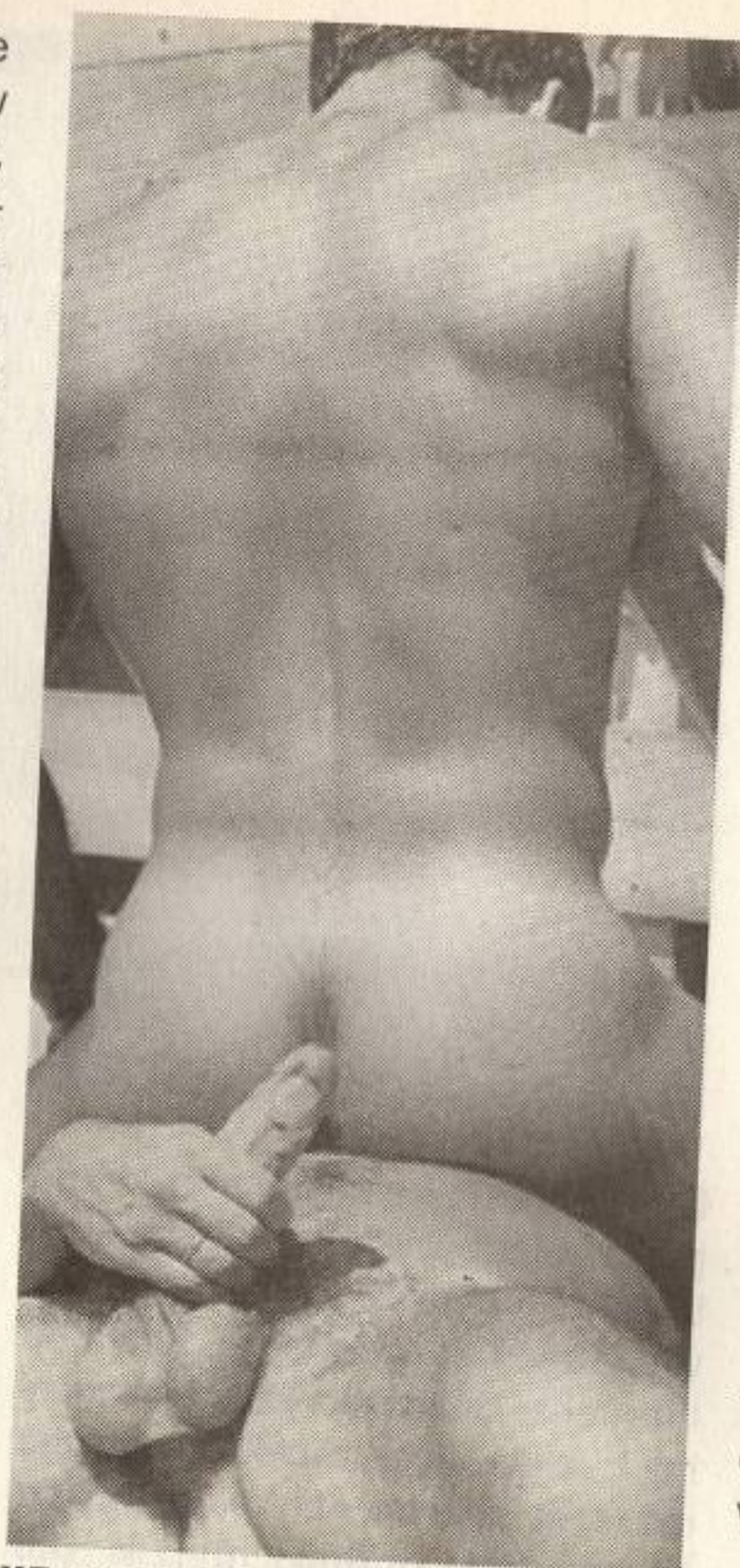


motherfuckers who cruised me knew they'd either be getting to blow a sadistic, gang bangin', drive-by, Richard Ramirez maniac or just getting punked. Only the biggest freaks would conjure the nerve. The kind I could do anything to and who'd do anything I said. Like a "Dockers" wearin' CPA type who gave my shoes a real spit shine. A nervous, fey princess with fluffy hair whose hairbrush I broke smacking it across his bare butt. Or a tweak freak who tells me that I don't need to use a rubber with him. Yeah right.

Every once and a while I hook up with a man who turns the tables. But that Sunday afternoon was particularly quiet. I could hear birds and winged bugs nearby. The sounds of slurping and grunting, down the hill, were more than audible, they seemed amplified and exaggerated, like porno. I felt horny and impatient. I'd been up there for over two hours and no one made it up. Not even an obscured "PSSST" beckoned me for a blow job in the bushes.

The sun was sinking into the grimy distance and I felt February on my face and hands. The salmon colored streetlights that pacify the barrios and the ghettos were coming on in sheets across the horizon. I hit my flask to pacify the chills that were making my body jerk. I reconciled a fruitless afternoon of meditation. I stood and put my Pendleton on. Only buttoned the top button like a true vato loco. I turned to the path behind me to head for home. Home to call fuck buddies who would come to me, although that was not exactly what I was in the mood for when I planned that afternoon.

I looked back once more. Goose bumps covered my arms. The blood in my body felt cold and thin. A man was seated at the opposite end of the bench I'd just left. My heart was racing, for a couple of reasons. I thought about my options and said, "What the fuck?" I sat back down. The warmth that my body had left on the bench had dissipated. It was



**HE STEADIED ME AND PULLED ME  
BACK ONTO HIS LAP. BEFORE I COULD  
SCREAM, I HEARD THE RIPPING OF  
THE SEAM OF MY PANTS. HE IMPALED  
ME ONTO WHAT FELT LIKE A KNIFE.**

cold on the backs of my legs. In fact, the temperature had fallen considerably in the last couple of minutes.

We sat under the elongated shadow of an olive tree some twenty-five feet away. The fronds of the palm trees, just ahead, swayed and rustled in gusts of wind that I could not feel. The winds picked up clouds of dust from the paths leading down, obscuring them.

The impending dusk gave the stranger a dark, menacing feel. He sat quiet, staring ahead at the swirling, cherry vanilla clouds that were changing shapes as fast as

they were changing color. His profile was still and sharp like stone carving. His dark hair was pulled back into a tight braid down his back. He wore charcoal colored "Dickies" with knife-like creases and a white t-shirt that was luminescent against his brown, Aztec skin. A stray cholo on the hill. My lucky day.

I blinked, prolonged, to think undistracted, then he was upon me. Next to me staring ahead. I rode him like a dare with my eyes. He had tattoos on his forearms, hands and neck. Blue-black letters and symbols. A portrait of some ruca and a spider web on his left elbow that, in prison, signifies that he killed a man while doing time. At the edge of his eye, a black indelible teardrop. That man was trouble and he was unraveling my upholstery. He was the number thirteen, black cats, burning crosses, bad luck personified. He had the quiet disposition of a seductive cult leader. He oozed; run and don't look back. But I couldn't. I wanted him.

My mother would sometimes tell me; "Mijo, el diablo is exactly who you want him to be. If you recognize him you must be in trouble with Diosito." Then and there I finally understood what she was talking about. That evil ain't just some white dude with a goatee and a tail. One could see that and run. Evil is in every nationality, in every religion, and every sexuality.

It was too late, this seduced, fair catholic wanted to capture that tattooed, dirt under the nails, hard drinking, boyfriend smacking, welfare check stealing, lying, cheating demonio. I pressed my thigh against his. He didn't move his away. Well, that's all the encouragement I needed. His smell drove my hand. I reached over to feel his thigh. Without turning, he intercepted my hand and held it in his fist. I tried to pull back but he held tight. For the first time he turned to look at me and that's when I freaked out. His eyes were black and shiny. I don't



just mean that he had dark eyes, I mean they were solid black and cold. His face showed no emotion. He was silent. My heart was absent in my chest. He pulled at my hand still in his grip. I resisted and then yielded. He leaned into me, I imagined, to tell me never to go where I'm not invited. He led my hand to his face and released it onto his smooth cheek. He pressed his hand onto mine and guided it across his cold lips. Now, I've made some fucked up choices in my life. Gone against my better judgment plenty of times. But the fact that I resisted withdrawing my hand, scared the hell out of me. He led my trembling hand to the back of his neck. With his free hand he did the same to me and pulled me into him as if to kiss me. That surprised me because prison trade never, never kisses on the mouth.

I tried to look away from those crazy eyes, at the darkening sky, but his strength had us face to face. He held my head and put his mouth on mine. His, our mouths suddenly warmed to fire-like temperatures. I was drunk with lust and horror. Euphoria tinged with a residue of uneasiness. The kind of uneasiness that makes most men impotent.

My ears were suddenly filled with high volume moaning, sighing and gulps for air. The sounds our bodies make when excesses of pleasure and pain push language past mere words. Terrible, beautiful, animalistic music.

That's what my ears heard. Within his violent kisses I heard his voice. Smooth and deep like silk boxers that give me erections as I walk. And that's exactly what his voice was doing to me. He wasn't necessarily saying anything to me. I can't recall specific words. But events in my life were being narrated by our twisting tongues. He knew things about me. Things I've never told anyone.

He knew that I sat at my father's bedside for three days as he rotted

**MY EARS WERE SUDDENLY FILLED  
WITH HIGH VOLUME MOANING, SIGH-  
ING AND GULPS FOR AIR. THE SOUNDS  
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GUAGE PAST MERE WORDS.**

with cancer, and that just before he started to gasp for air, that signaled the end that my father's last words to me were "You disappointed me."

The stranger knew that it was me that burned a swastika on the side of an old dead tree by my house with a butane torch I stole from school when I was ten. (I wasn't being anti-Semitic, I didn't understand what it meant. I had a crush on the only white guy at my school, and he had it on his pee chee folder. I wanted him to notice me). He knew the terror I felt later that night as the sky exploded in amber as the tree that smoldered quietly all day ignited.

He knew the shame I felt as a child when we would have to sleep on the floor during certain holidays so we wouldn't be struck by random bullets coming from intoxicated, hot guns and how I prayed for God to make me an angel before dawn so that I could fly myself out of that barrio for good. He knew that I reached around and felt my sharp shoulder blades protruding and that that's all that they were. That I was simply a child testing the existence of God.

He knew that my lover, reeling with AIDS dementia, forgot that he was gay, that I was his lover, or even who I was, which allowed his family, with their high priced lawyers, to lock me out of our home. And that after a while that I just couldn't fight them anymore. He died without me.

He knew these things about me. These profane ordeals in my life. And I still wanted him.

My shirt was drenched with sweat

that turned icy in that night that turned black while my eyes were closed. I pulled away unable to catch my breath. I tried to stand, to flee. I felt lightheaded. The blood that supplies my brain with oxygen was pulsing in my lips and groin. He steadied me and pulled me back onto his lap. Before I could scream, I heard the ripping of the seam of my pants. He impaled me onto what felt like a knife. Cold and hard like his lips started out but soon after seared me inside. He sat there, motionless, with me on top kicking and flailing. No thrusting, no sounds, no more words.

With his mouth he punctured and gnawed on the back of my neck. I felt my spinal cord being sucked out of my neck and out of my ass. I prayed that the wetness that soaked my pants was my piss and not my blood mixed with his cum. He squeezed my torso to the point where things went black. Then a bright electrical jolt shot through me with such force that my fingernails and nose shot blood into the dirt. "GODDAMN... that felt good." Did I say that or did he?

I awoke sitting erect on that bench, my head thrown skyward. The sounds of sirens all around me. Intense hot breath enveloped my aching body. The violent suns that illuminated the black fog in reality were a series of palm trees engulfed in balls of flames. They surrounded me on all sides. Black ash snowed upon me and all I could do is sit there and cry.

All that I have left are burn scars, bad dreams and three cranberry colored, crescent shaped hickies on the back of my neck that won't go away no matter how hard I scrub. If you'd like for me to show them to you, put on your hiking boots, bring your faith, and meet me at the park some sacred Sunday afternoon.

*"Griffith Park Elegy" originally appeared in "Best Gay Erotica," 1997. Edited by Richard Labonte, Cleis Press.*



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2. Follow the **TOUGH LINE** voice instructions. For 800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four or five digit numbers appearing at the end of each of your favorite ads.

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**Note:** Letters not properly prepared or posted will be returned to sender at the discretion of INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER Magazine. We will forward responses to ads in back issues; however, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

4. Put **STAMPED**, sealed letter(s) and \$1 forwarding fee **PER LETTER** (FREE for LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS - please tell us your LF number) in a separate mailer and send to: **INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS**, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390. Letters are addressed here and forwarded within 2 business days.

## NATIONAL

### "EAGER BOY SEARCHING"

For tough Master to serve/worship/cherish. Call 515-532-3707 before 10pm CST. B8354 ☎

### 15 INCHES ON 2 TOPS

Looking for 3-way bottoms who know how to obey, serve and please his men we want a bottom to give us what we want. Do you like it from both ends? POB 973, Oakbrook, IL 60522. South Florida and Nationwide. Write w/ photo now! You know you want all 15 inches. 9902 ☎

### 2 HUNG BLACK TOPS NEEDED

ISO sadists under 35yo. This 47yo, defiant, big bellied Italian bottom, 270#, wants to be forcefully detained and tortured. Will submit to at least 24hrs. You establish the limits. I want to scream from continuous pain and fear. No acting. Seek sadists who can administer cane, whip, electric, piercing, and CBT. Only requirement is NO INJURY THAT REQUIRES MEDICAL TREATMENT. You must be and enjoy extreme sadist pleasures. If outside my area, send for me and I will reimburse upon your meeting me. Call (212) 961-0791, or leave message for me to return your call. SERIOUS BLACK HUNG TOP SADISTS ONLY. This is for real. No phone sex.

### ALONE IN N.W. FLORIDA

39yo, 6', 175#, BRN/BRN, good body, clean shaven, big thick tool, mostly bottom need hot leather, toys, attitude & WS. We both know what we need. Let's get it on! Can host. Live on beach. Write with photo. Will answer all. B8335 ☎

### ARE YOU INTO MUTUAL BD,

WS, raunch, CBT, A/P Fr? Does rubber/vinyl/leather turn you on? Do you love boots/hoods/chains/mitts? I'm 44yo, 5'10", 250#, beard. Looking for buddies, pal, or maybe a lifemate! So drop me a note at: T. Stone, POB 4, Jefferson City, TN 37760. 20323 ☎

### ASIAN MASTER WANTED

Obedient, submissive, WM, late 40s, seeks dominant Asian to serve & worship. Light SM, humiliation/VA, crotch/ass/pit service & groveling. POB 426655, San Francisco, CA 94142.

### BLACKMAN AND TOILET SEX

Experienced WM, 36yo, 5'7", 150#, good shape with bubble butt! To meet versatile blackman with similar interests. For example: leather, speedos, briefs, aroma, toys, role play and most freaky scenes, etc. Absolutely no fats, ferns, or JO calls. (313)527-2965. 9876 ☎

### BONDAGE SLAVES WANTED

Sadistic Master, 38yo, 5'9", 181#, seeks slaves to be bound, gagged, and abused. Hoods, gags, cuffs, leather restraints, ropes & chains. Will restrain you as you are subjected to hours of sensual torture. Beginner to brutal. You <40 & trim. Send photo/phone/address. 20458 ☎

## BOOT DISCIPLINE

WM, dominant, demanding, big, mature redneck wants contact with a submissive who is ready for abuse and total control. Outdoor scenes will include weapons, whips, spurs, ropes, cigars, uniforms, bootlicking, discipline, physical and verbal abuse. 5861 ☎

### BOXING GLOVES

GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks a husky, chubby Daddy or BB who craves the look, smell & feel of the gloves for scenes of tough-talk, hours of humping, sniffing, heavy bag workout, safe boxing lessons. I'm a non-fighter into safe fantasy, relationship possible. 20189 ☎

### BOY SEEKS TARZAN

MUSC stud, 31yo, 5'8", 170# wants to be owned by a MUSC, strong, dominant Master/toughman. Share your life with a younger gdlkg guy. Perm only. I'm loyal, quiet. Relocation for butch outdoorsman. Must be large/husky and rugged. Photo required. POB 3124, Shawsheen Village Station, Andover, MA 01810-0803. 20343 ☎

### COCK TORTURE & ABUSE

Prolonged cock pain and penile injury. Beatings, electric cruelty, piss hole invasion and piercing. Wimpy dicks or the merely curious need not apply. This is NOT ball torture! Contact: Jackson, POB 424482, SF, CA 94142. FAX: 415-974-5990.

### COLT TYPE BB SLAVE

5'9", 182#, BLN/BLU, shaved smooth. Like exhibition, BD, LL, TT, FF. Want handsome Master to use me, show me off. Slave's nude photo in Tough Customers #4, page 33. 20479 ☎

### DARK, MUSCULAR TASKMASTER

Hairy Italian BB, 5'9", 43"ch, 28"wa, 16"a, 8 1/2"x5 1/2" cut. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training. LL, uniforms, WS, BD, FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You: built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 addl stud. 9993 ☎

### DOMINANT COPS

Submissive white male, 40yo, wants Top Cop for arrest, interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel pass., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 ☎

### ENEMA EXTREMIST SEEKS BOY

GWPM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV, hairy, balding, 'stache, smoker, fanatic about extra-soapy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-belly butthole enemas. ISO trim (smooth/shaved a+) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty after/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENUF. No scat. Photo/ltr to: POB 53, Georgetown, TX 78627-0053. Call: 512-930-4934. 20177 ☎



# CLASSIFIEDS

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## International Drummer #199 Classifieds

### GLOSSARY

G	gay
S	straight
Bi	bisexual
M	male
F	female
Cpl	couple
W	white
B	black
L	latino
A	Asian
J	Jewish
Btm	bottom
Slv	slave
yo	years old
'/'	feet/inches
#	pounds
cm	centimeters
kg	kilograms
L/L	leather/levi
masc	masculine
musc	Muscular
BB	body builder
VGL	very good looking
UC	uncut
hung	big dick
NS	non-smoker
POB	post office box
ISO	in search of
SKG	seeking
SM	sado
JO	masochism
BD	masturbation
WS	bondage/discipline
scat	water sports
FF	shit
VA	fist fucking
SS	verbal abuse
elec	safe sex
CBT	electricity
TT	cock/ball
FR a/p	torture
GR a/p	tit torture
CP	French (suck)
M/S	active/passive
	Greek (fuck)
	active/passive
	corporal
	punishment
	master/slave

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Seeks to train and tame athletic studs. Beginners and shy guys welcome. Phone (203)261-6355. 11293

### FART IN MY MOUTH

& wipe your ass on my face. Buttkicker, 32yo, 6'0", 165#, BLND, needs heavy humiliation, VA & raunch from dom., MASC, perverted bully. Sit on my face & enjoy a 6-pack, then spray your piss in my mouth till it runs out my nose. Ugly/hairy men are special turn-ons. 20333 ☎

### FLESHMATE FOR MISSION

Searching infinite spirit, heart of bodily ecstasy. Gdlkg 5'11", bottom/versatile, 175#, HIV-, 8" cut, 50yo WM. Can meld with Top or Master/versatile esp. black, slim-trim, religious in mutual worship of ever deepening sex. Travel nationwide. 20199 ☎

### GOODLOOKIN' BIG DICKED TOP

Pissin, spittin, cigarmokin. Dad, 36yo, 6'3", 180#, honest, serious, real, HIV-. Lookin for clean, smooth (natural or shaven) non-smoking boys, nice or nasty, local or worldwide. Write with photo, you'll get mine: Box 724, 2421 W. Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645. Email: TALLTOP36@AOL.com.

### HANDSOME LEATHER PUNISHER

WM, 47yo, 6'2", 220#, BRN/HZL, beard/moustache, manly, HIV-. ISO beefy-thighed boy (any age) seriously into SM, BD, who will submit his butt and back for punishment and his emotions to a caring protective Master. Respect & loyalty from you gets monogamy from me...Texas. 20178 ☎

### HIV+ TOP/DAD ISO GOOD BOY

Virginia Top, hung, uncut, gym-toned exec., 53yo, 5'9", 165#, big place in rural woods, seeks "boy": 1/3 son, 1/3 recruit, 1/3 slave, 100% eager, "yes, Sir" bottom. Give loyalty, obedience, tight holes. Get support, stability, training, discipline, attention. 8940 ☎

### HOT LEATHER SLAVE

Hot slave, late 40s, 5'10", 165#, lean, masculine, gdlkg, seeking top quality leather Master for heavy, safe scenes or relationship. Travel often. 5943 ☎

### HOT LEATHER CIGAR BOY

GWM bottom boy, gdlkg, 35yo(looks 25yo), 5'10", 135#, BRN/BRN, 'stache, hairy, hot ass, vry honest, raunch, kink, romantic. Me: SM, BD, WS, wax, VA, Gr/p, Fr/a, toys, leather, cigars, FF, gags, gangs. Seek Top/Dad: dom, rough, under 55yo, biker, hvy leather, cigars, hung. Plus: Italian, German, Hispanic. Relationship poss. Live Atlanta. Travel. John. 20320 ☎

### I AM A TRUE SADIST

But I am caring and very experienced. If you are 21+yo and interested in developing your talents, I can help you make friends with SM and the pain. I will hurt you but I will never knowingly harm you. POB 7126, Boca Raton, FL 33431. 3621 ☎

### KINKY COUPLES

We like watching & being watched. WM CPL: 40's, in-shape. Want to put together scene. Hot, sleazy, safe. Your pix & letter gets ours. POB 39989, Los Angeles, CA 90039-0989. E-mail: ATWATER1823@WEBTV.NET

### LEATHER, RUBBER, ROPE, AND...

Steel to keep you controlled in your position as my slave. Your objective: total service to hot leather/rubber Top; 38yo, 5'8", 180#, BB, 8" dick. You can expect

piercing, chastity, shaving, WS, torture and more. Slaves to age 45yo apply. 9969 ☎

### MASTER SKS MUSC SLAVES

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, Ital., cleancut, succl, educ sks slaves, 18-35yo, smth, hard, defined. Jocks, Nil & BB a+. U need Master to guide your life. Will train inexper with superior physique. Live in large S.NH house. HIV- only. 603-425-6659 weekends. 20190 ☎

### MUSCLEBEAR WRASSLER

Strong, tough, bearded, very hairy musclebear, 5'8", 160#, shaved head; leather and cigar bear. ISO tough, rugged leather musclebear to wrassle/fistfight/fuck in a ring in my cave. Want real KO fight for Topbear fucking rights. 41 Sutter #1479, SF, CA 94104-4903.

### NEOPAGAN SEEKS ASSCHEEKS

For heavy BD - with safe anal sex - in ritual settings. Can host or travel U. Midwest and switch roles. 6'0", 205#, 51yo. Specialize in asses. Jim D., POB 5051, Appleton, WI 54913.

### OBEDIENT SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attr. Leatherman, 36yo, 5'8", 165#, well hung, seeks obedient lthr slaveboy under 40yo for weekend slave training in My equipped playroom. Expect BD, orders, bootlicking, lite-mod SM, public display. POB-50024, Arlington, VA 22205. Relationship possible. 20462 ☎

### ORAL SLAVESON NEEDED

Masc., in-shape, exp., sane Master, 58yo, 6'2", 190#, has position for younger, attractive oral slave-houseboy. Cleanshaven, cut, trimly muscled for my pleasures. TT, VA, spanking, control, discipline, assplay, humiliation will patiently train novice. Photo a must. No ferns. 20460

### RARE BREED-HUMAN SM CANINE

47yo, 5'10", BRN/HZL, 180#, 6". Sub sks life as kennel, caged human dog in iron collar and shackles & leashed by exp lthr SM Master to 55yo wanting perm ownership. Sk life in hvy BD. Ken aka Kal, 2603 Barrington Court, Sugar Land, TX 77478-1849. Foto/foe gets mine. 20470 ☎

### RAUNCH PIG

46yo, WM, 5'9", 170# chunky guy, 34" waist, 7", attractive slave. Seeks raunch Master for degradation. Will give total body service. Can travel for the real thing. Total subservience and punishment are the Master's choice. No BS. 9824 ☎

### RECTAL EXAM

GWM Italian, 35yo, 5'10", 148#, desires rectal exam from real M.D./proctologist. Must be handsome, under 40, trim. Discretion assured. Write: FC, Box 50022, Pompano Beach, FL 33074. Or beeper: (954)619-8203.

### REFORM SCHOOL

Correction and discipline. Strip search exam, enema, catheter, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap on bared buttocks. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9196. Box 9049 ☎

### SEEKS TOP DADDY/MASTER

Kentucky leather cub, 26yo, dk beard/stache, shy-type, prof. ISO serious leather Top. Interests: BD, SM, CBT, WS, humil., complete dedication to Master. Cub is tired of games. Cigar/pipe a+ but not necessity. Travel possible. Email: cigarcub24@aol.com.

### SERIOUS SLAVE FOR SUMMER

Athletic, Musc grad student, 32yo, 5'7", smth, 155#, applies to demanding Master/Sadist for 3 m commitment to learn servitude & worship thru suffering, confinement & disc. LTR possible. Will relocate for mer, work as req'd. DB, Box 5232, Bloomington, IN 47407-5232. 20468 ☎

### SHAVING: "IT'S A MAN THING"

Man to man by expert with str razor. Shave hvy body, both, tidy up head or body hair, military style too. Us alone or group. I love to chat & share videos/photos. Discreet call back: Ed Johnson, (516) 697-6646, or write: POB 21443, West Palm Beach, FL 33416. 9813 ☎

### SIR!

Buttkicker begs to serve hot, verbal Leathermaster. satile WM, 45yo, 5'6", 135#, muscular, nice ba Needs humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will wear cock, ass, feet, body and submit to your control & abuse, Sir! 3-ways, travel OK. 8346 ☎

### SUBMISSIVE BOOTLICKER

WM, 5'10", 190#, 25yo. This boy is into heavy humiliation and heavy BD; involving infantilism, cigars, ch, torture, CBT, shaving, enemas, toilet training, and training with dog food. Boy seeks friends, Daddies, Masters who like to play rough. 20340 ☎

### TITANIC BB BOY WANTED

Truly massive, smooth, hard, hot, submissive, exhibitionist, ripped muscle to serve, grow and show by j, lean, tight, smooth, bayish BB 5'9", 157#, BRN/GN 31yo. Raw, hot sex, BD, TT, CBT, SM, can support sponsor & motivate right boy. Photo/phone 8852 ☎

### TOPMAN WANTS SLAVES

33yo, masculine and sadistic. Not into games or fantasy. Want bottom, slave(s), or pig. For discipline/obedience and ownership. Into sugar Daddy types, policemen, military, BB, firemen, bears, athletes, bi, married, n, pig group/video/photo, piercings, chastity, skins, smoking/drugs only. 9867 ☎

### TRUCKER - US & CANADA

38yo, average build, beard, tattoos, pierced & pre bottom. Love all assplay esp. fists, toys & slings. A like TT, VA, BD, WS & other hot men into wild nasty sex. 9220 ☎

### TRUCKER'S DELIGHT

Hot male bottom, tight MUSC, smooth body, hvy MUSC ass, loves to take GR and give FR to well be trucker. Love to show off my ass, and have it fucked love to cum and piss. You must be clean; prefer mo men, but will consider all. Call: (860) 674-988 20173 ☎

### WANNABE PIG BOTTOM!

90% Top needs training to become 100% btm. W 6'1", 175#, pierced nips, PA. Embarking on journey pure cockhound. Sks dominant

Top to initiate training. SM, BD, CBT, WS, VA, assplay All scenes considered. Chgo/travel. Awaiting my call duty, Sir!!! 20478 ☎

### WRITERS RESEARCH HISTORY!

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## CLASSIFIEDS

### ALABAMA

#### ALABAMA HOT IN MOBILE

40yo, 175# WM looking for men into hot, wet sessions. Loves forekins, armpits, ass sucking, WS, humiliation, jockeys, T-shirts. Doug, 608 Azalea Rd. Apt#1907, Mobile, AL 36609.

### ARIZONA

#### FART IN MY FACE BIG BRO

Need permanent lover to move here or me there. No bull! You: huge trucker build, big gut, arms, ass, strong, protective, red-neck, piggy, dominant; cuddler. Me: lean, musc, sexy, 40yo, 170# GWM, BLND/BLU, worship you, live for your humiliating mansmells. Send photo. 20485

### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### ELECTRO CBA, WHIPS, BOOTS!

ISO GWM neg. as mutual or S for magneto. CBA ET, whipping, and black leather bootlicking with blue 501 and other LL. I'm 50yo, tall, cut, neg. SF Bay Area. 20454

#### HOUSEBOY/SLAVEBOY/SON/BOYTOY WANTED:

GW CPL, retired, partly disabled, in late 40's, both HIV-seek boy for sexual and domestic needs. Boy must be GM 18-35yo, HIV- only (with proof), no drugs, no alcohol, smoking ok, but no cigars, homebody person, small frame body, bubble butt (firm), hung nice, cut, short hair. Boy must be totally obedient and eager to serve both, discipline, submissive, ownership, affectionate, companionship, and into BD, handcuffs, jockstraps, L/L, toys and most of all trustworthy and honest. This is a full time, live-in position only. Permanent for right boy. Room and board, small salary will be offered by state as an aide to all qualified applicants. No hustlers either. Write with photo and detailed letter of why you want this position. To Sirs (Northern California) 9869

#### MUSC. MASTER/MENTOR

Skg boy to train, develop & discipline. Very masc. demanding, well built BB GWM, 40yo, 6'0", 195#, HIV- will work & mold you. Safe, sane, responsible, development BD, SM confinement, discipline & control. You: GWM, 20-30yo, HIV-, gdlkg, serious, no games. Gd letter, photos, phone a must. Central CA. 9153

### POTENTIAL PORN STAR

Lived all over U.S. but like East Coast. Live with family but ready to move out! Just want a real guy who likes mixing love, sex, and leather. Will go anywhere for right guy. Serious only reply with photo to: POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541. Must love to leave leather on. 5918

### SAN FRANCISCO BOY/SLAVE

Are you a Daddy/Master in need of a boy/slave to serve, obey & please you? Can you properly train a boy/slave expanding any limits? Are you strict but loving? I am 33yo, 6'0", PA & pierced nipples. My interests include CBT, TT, BD, spanking, etc. I am eager to serve and make you proud! Photo & phone. 20327

### SWALLOW MY PRIDE!!

Can you swallow my big uncut dick and big balls at once? GLM, 45yo, 5'8", 165#, BRN/BRN, big hairy chest, HIV+. I love big dicks, so let's play!! San Francisco. 9978

### TOP DAD

Young 60's, HIV-, short, stocky, hairy, bald. Seeking young guys who like spanking, paddling, T&A play, and servicing a Top only Dad. Live in Bay area but some traveling to major cities. Respond to POB 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### BLACK GYM RAT-TOP

6'0", 160#, 30"w, 42"c, 6% BF, lean, hard, tight. Looking for other athletic well toned buddies for play...sometimes rough. Mike, POB 881521, San Diego, CA 92168. E-mail: sthnmman@aol.com 8442

#### BUZZ CUT BD SM

Jocks, military, bad boys, hardbody slaves. Create a fantasy or live reality. WM, 53yo, 6'0", 200#, experienced Top to work you hard, no limits. Sadistic toys, strenuous restraints, kinky arousal, tightly controlled release. Casual or long term assoc. Phone/fax: 619-271-1754, Major. 3696

#### COUPLE SEEKS MASC. TOP

GW couple - 1 top, 1 bottom seeks 2nd Masc. top into GR, FR, BD, SM, etc. (818) 244-0886

#### HARLEY RIDING LEATHER MASTER

Seeks slave for 24/7 life in an SM environment. You will be 25-55yo, able to take progressive to severe training, accept pain and service and do so with great joy in

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serving a Master. Absolute honesty required. Lifetime commitment - not a fantasy, real slavery, real SM, real life. Respond to Master Steve, POB 1870, Palm Springs, CA 92263 with letter and photo. Do it, boy. Do it now!

### HOT WHITE TOP NEEDED

WM bearclub seeks hot WM Top for friendship, play, and/or possible relations. I am 45yo, hot btm, into SM, BD, WS, tit play, levis, boots, leather, etc. Hairy a plus! Relationship possible for right person. If serious, write to: JS, POB 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067. 5917 ☎

### MUTUAL RUGGED SM

Longtime Top ISO tough, versatile guy for long, intense give & take sessions. Want mutual TT, CBT, flogging, tools & toys. Options: BD, WS, pumps, assplay, all kink scenes. Pluses: smoke & aroma, foot fetish, sweaty, unwashed bodies. Me: 52yo, 5'11", 165#, masc, lean & musc, verbal, Lt BRN/BLU, big thick uncut cock. You: 35-55yo, masc, in-shape, exp'd or highly motivated. Must share a strong drive to push pain limits & explore darkest fantasies. Anywhere in So. Cal. Detailed letter & phone# to: David, 1286 University Ave. Box 171, San Diego, CA 92103.

### TOILET BOTTOM?

Gdkg top, 5'9", 150#, HIV-, uncut, sks human toilet. Ltr & pix to Jack. 9926

## COLORADO

### LOOKING FOR SUBMISSION

Mid-20's GBM Top, HIV+, good looking. Skis any race, 20-35yo w/ok looks, good body, very masc. boy willing to submit for instruction- physically and mentally. Leather ownership, companionship, Central Denver area. 20466

## CONNECTICUT

### SIR, PLEASE, SIR!

Slave: 5'8", 140#, submissive dog begs to be trained to worship cock, ass & feet as Masters loyal pet favorite toy for kink. POB 1654, Bristol, CT 06010

## FLORIDA

### BOOT BOY

Dog slave, 30yo, very good looking, 6'2", 195#, into boots, feet, eating ass, WS, assplay. Jupiter to Ft. Lauderdale. Send pix and phone. HIV- only. 20465 ☎

### FF/DILDOS IN CENTRAL FL

FF vers. Top, 6'2", 185#, 7", BRN/BLU. Seeks exp. Top FF to lend a hand in my training and very exp. bottoms for deep/wide exploration. Page Dan: 407-983-3600, Orl.

### GOOD LOOKING

44yo, BiWM, salt & pepper hair, 5'11", 175#, tan and fit. Would like to meet other adult males for B&D and other games for mutual fun and pleasure. Broward or Palm Beach counties. Must include pix and EZ way to contact or no reply. 20147 ☎

### LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Moderately sadistic and caring Daddy, 44yo, average endowment, seeks big dicked, naked slave, 28-38yo, for live-in. WS & paddles a must. Serious only. No phone sex. Platonic friends also wanted for social gatherings. Smokers OK. Call (904) 388-2421. Jacksonville, FL 3556 ☎

### PISS BUDDY SOUGHT

by goodlooking, bearded Daddy, young fifties, slim & fit. Seeks same for mutual raunch. Into WS, pits, mansmells, eating ass, and more. Travel US. Letter with photo gets reply. A. Rainmaker, PO Box 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236. B8339 ☎

### ROWDY CONSTRUCTION WORKER

32yo, 5'10", 185#, handsome, very manly w/rock solid musc body seeks hung Top macho Latins. Drink my beer while I suck dick, eat ass, lick pits, and drink spit and piss. Use me. Bring friends and party on me. No ladies. Leave voice message: (954) 413-6911. 20335 ☎

### WANT TO SERVE AND SERVICE

You from head to feet. Top must be MASC, aggressive, 25-56yo, HIV-. No fats or ferns. Me: 158#, 49yo, 5'9", shaved head, VA, WS, tongue baths, humiliation, cock/armpit/feet sucking. Letter with pix gets reply. Angelo, POB 398062, Miami Beach, FL 33239-8062. Serious Only. 20338 ☎

## HAWAII

### ARE YOU NEW TO THE SCENE?

Master provides SM, BD training and instruction for novice bottoms/slaves. Safe, sane, consensual. Limits respected. 20315 ☎

## ILLINOIS

### COWBOY WANTS HORSE

6'1", 205#, 67yo Grand Daddy Top wants a big, strong, heavysset son bottom to horseplay, gentle wrestle, mutually workout, swim, safesex, sleep, etc. with: J.L., POB 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161

### KOCK KOMBAT

38yo GWM, looking for other men for head to head penis-pounding action! I'm into hard dicks fighting it out. Size unimportant! One on one or? I also like watching. Central IL. 20472

### WANTED: HOT 40ISH CUT,

dominant Daddy to spread my round, smooth, tanned butt cheeks and tongue lube my tight shaved hole, of course leading to the main event of plowing my chute and shooting your load. (312)878-1278 anytime. 20316 ☎

## MAINE

### WOODSHED STYLE PADDLINGS

Long, hard, bare-ass paddlings/strappings. Top/bottom, friendship/relationship oriented. Dave, POB 2004, Bangor, ME 04402. (207) 947-2329. No JO calls/phone sex. 8892 ☎

## MASSACHUSETTS

### DIAPERBOY SEEKS DAD

35yo, 6'0", 190# blndboy, living in Worcester MA seeks diapering, stern, affectionate, single Daddy. College grad w/new job & car seeks BD, SM w/a twist! I want to be Daddy's little boy in diapers and changed in front of his friends. No scat or piss games. I'm clean & safe. 20463

### PIG BOTTOM SKS TOPS

28yo, GWM, very submissive pig bottom, 5'9", 150#, w/tight pussy deep throat, into cock worship, BD, groups, toys, party, very open. I like truckers, construction workers, masc., musc., moustache & hung A+. Bi-married OK. Mike (617) 325-6410, leave message. 20149 ☎

## MICHIGAN

### ATTENTION MASTERS - MEN!

This boy desperately needs to be taken as slave! Wanted: truckers, construction men, pipeline, or men w/rough jobs, leather men. Come take me desperately as your slave. Into SM/BD acts and skin tight jeans. Call Brad Jackson, 616-684-5673. Or: 401 Pokagon Street, Niles, MI 49120.

### MUTUAL CBT/TT/GENITAL KINK

Handsome HIV- WM, 31yo, ISO same 18-36yo for safe, sane, respectful & mutual kink. Special interests: cock whipping/BD, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, sounds, catheters. My dick is hungry to be fucked by one who knows the

techniques. Let's probe together! Photo please 3680 ☎

## MISSISSIPPI

### LEATHERLOVE & RUBBERLUST!

Harold's a bald, bearded, booted engineer who lives man-hugging leathers and nut-tugging jacks. Enjoys muddy watersports in heavy harnessed rubbersuits. Our hot groins and steamy gropes may lead to deeper male bonding! Leather Oaks, Box 5172, Bklyn, MS 39534. B8472 ☎

## NEW JERSEY

### EXPERIENCED MASTER/TOP

Seeks slave into spanking, catheters, oral service, work, DB, CBT. You will be abused but never harmed. Call George: evenings at 201-661-1138.

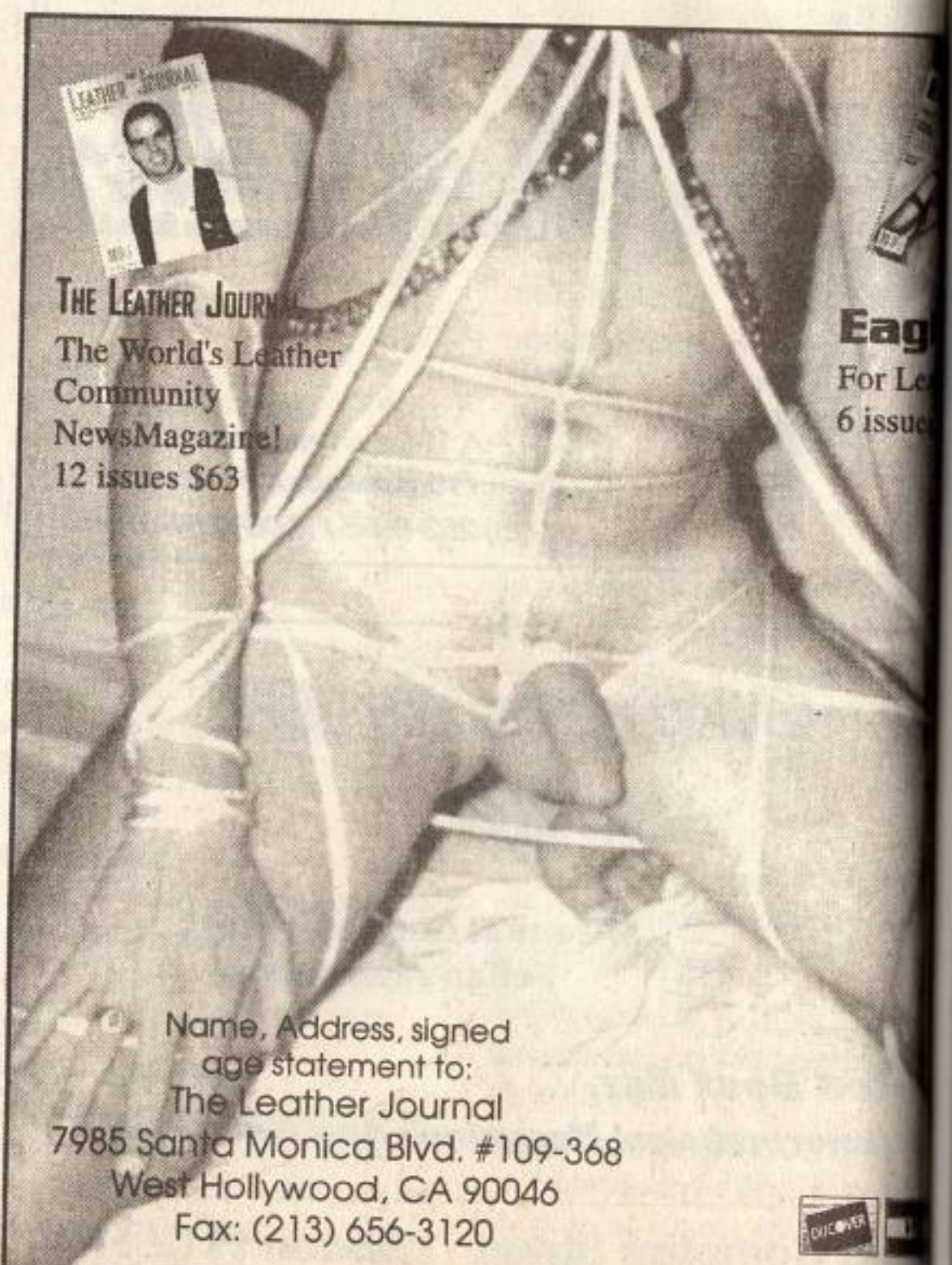
## NEW YORK

### ARE YOU TICKLISH?

Dominant, educated, HIV- GWM, 56yo, 5'10", 190# seeks intelligent, ticklish, HIV- GWM, 21-55yo for tickling, spanking, other light, safe, consensual kink. Heavy kisses, cuddling, massage. Dating, relationship possible. No drugs. POB 462, Murray Hill Station, NYC, NY 10156-0462. 9084 ☎

### BARE BOTTOM SPANKING

GWM-37yo, 5'6", 155#. Guys 18-45, jackknife over your knee, then blister my naughty peach-fuzz bottom till it burns & blushes. I spank too. Reply to



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Housewife at 10 Plaza St.E. #7C, Brooklyn, NY 11218. or call (718) 398-4811. ☎

### WHITE SLAVE, 60'S DESIRES

Being strapped naked by a group and tortured beyond description for audience. Smoke and aroma ok. NYC 20447

### I'M REAL, WHERE ARE YOU?

Male 37yo, 5'9", 155#, BRN/BRN skg hairy, trim body for WS, JD, discipline & more. Blue collars, Dads & who can make a miscreant give it all up. Mediterranean or Asian, Indian 30-55yo. Photo. Please don't keep me waiting. Box 460, Bohemia, NY 11716. 20480 ☎

### WORTHWHILE OPPORTUNITY

For white LL male cocksucker play w/ mature, masc. FF skg boy boy to be into SM, CBT, TT, WS, FF, videos, smoke, aroma, etc. No beards. Bubble butt, hung a bit. Reply w/ photo and you'll get ours. Let's play seriously. Have U been shaved lately? 20484 ☎

### MASTER WKS BONDAGE SLAVES

Master, 40yo, WM, hot, tall, well built, will train. You: hot, versatile, willing to submit, into all scenes, HIV-, no red, no games. Limits respected & explored. 148 104, Orangeburg, NY 10962. Phone & photo.

### MASTERS NEED YOUNG SLAVE

Any couple on L.I. need guy to service them day-in, day-out for their needs. 50yo & 27yo need guy N/S, N/D

who is willing to serve 2 guys. If you are a Top who needs a new bottom and a spare for those days you are bored with the 1st guy, write to apply for the job. Thanks! 20481 ☎

### NEED YOU

62-year-young, understanding Top or obedient bottom ISO someone special to share needs. 5911

### NYC SLAVE

I am 52yo, 6'4", 158#, BRN/BRN. Need very dominant Master. I am experienced in all areas of SM, BD, CBT, TT. I am available at all hours. Write: DS, Box 2957, Church St. Sta., New York, NY 10008. All answered with photo. You won't be disappointed.

### PIECE OF SHIT

Begging for humiliating abuser. Bootlicking, cock sucking whippingboy to serve sadistic, kinky Masters. Public scenes, groups especially desired. Also serve as naked slave at parties. 6'2", 165#, 39yo. NYC (212) 678-4405. 20194 ☎

### SUBMISSIVE DAD BOTTOM

GWM, 49yo, 6'0", 225#, BRN/BLU, average looks wants BD, CBT, TT, heavy ass use by group or exhibitionism with my Master. Whip, spank, beat butt totally. Write to my box # and tell me your plans. Will totally submit to best letter received. You win me. 20489 ☎

### WANTED: F/F TOPMAN

Hot, hunky, handsome, mature body bldr type, 44yo, 5'9", 180#, new to NYC, strictly bottom, HIV-, likes it nasty. ISO serious Top into intense assplay & hot, long scenes - FF, dildos, leather. Masc only reply. Mike Roberts, 7 E. 14th St. #302, NYC 10003. 11271

### NORTH CAROLINA

#### SLAVE(S) WANTED

By kinky Master for use & abuse. Slave: 18+yo, any race, any level of experience. Sir is 35yo, 6'3", 215#, hairy, tattooed, pierced, 8"+ long, thick & cut cock. Limits respected. Send a photo and letter begging for the chance to serve. 20487 ☎

### OHIO

#### HOT DUO NEEDS ACTION

Gdlykg GWM couple: 35yo, 165#, 6' & 42yo, 170#, 6', big balls. Both in good shape with big dicks. Always horny & into most scenes. Looking for safe play with hot men of all ages. Write with photo & detailed letter to: POB 4092, Toledo, OH 43609.

#### HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

for weekend use. You are slim, short, preppie type. You will be kept nude or in skimpy bikinis for lite pain, humiliation and some exhibitionism. Must like floppy mocs

and loafers, lite SM/BD. Cleveland. Photo, phone for interview. 8686 ☎

### SM, BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional, 46yo, 5'10", 175#. Let's explore SM with artful, controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD. Submission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or average A+. No gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC, POB 19830, Cincinnati, OH 45219.

### WILD, HOT BOY; CENTRAL OHIO

Musc, pussymouthed fuckboy, 34yo, 6'0", 190#. ISO hung, fit leather/uniform Top for BD, SM, body worship, leathersex. Send photo, letter, phone#. Cigomen esp. welcome. 20490 ☎

### OREGON

#### WHITE SLAVE HOUSEBOY WANTED

You: over 18 under 36yo. I am 56yo w/ 30 years SM Master exp. I will train you to be loved and appreciated by myself and my love slave. Longterm/ or lifetime. Only serious need apply. You need to obey, serve, be honest and true to your slave self and submit to my love and our lifestyle in Oregon. Send application, letter w/photo and phone# to Master Ron. 20313 ☎

#### SEEKING MEN INTO PINK/RED HANKY

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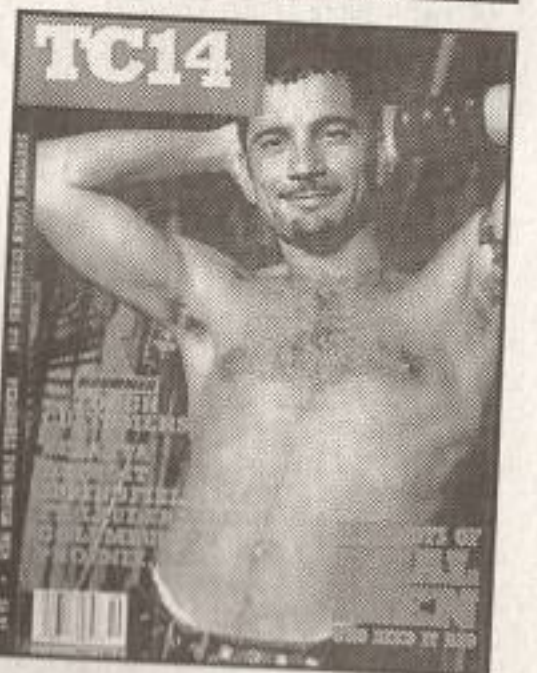
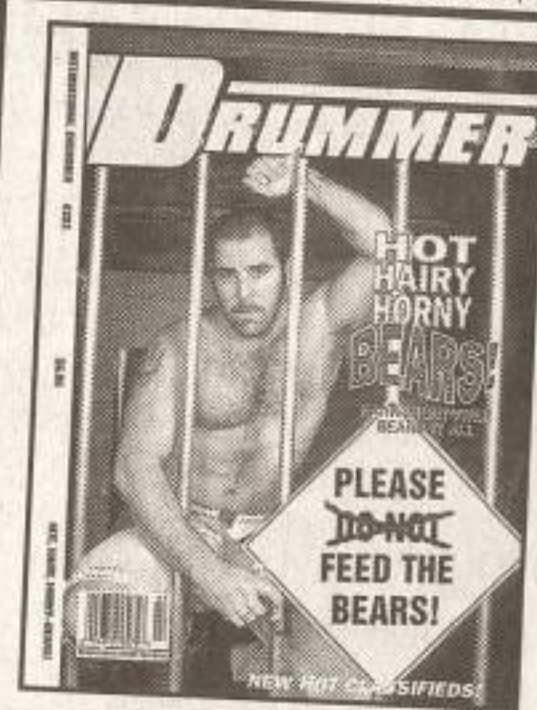
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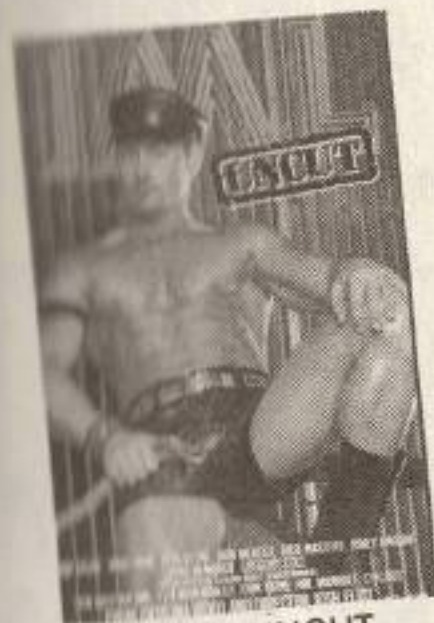
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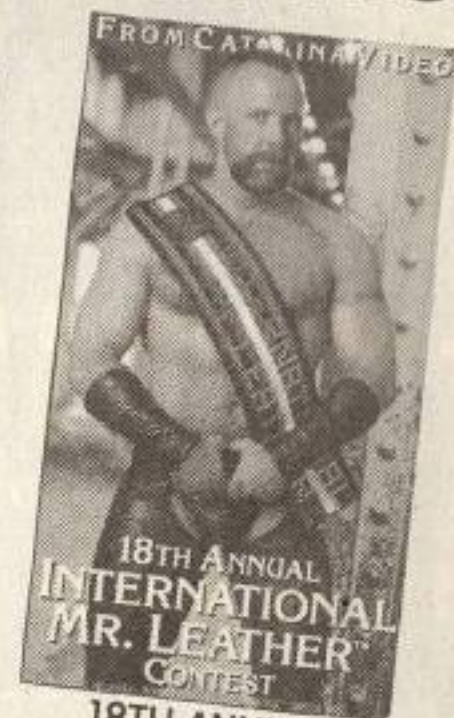
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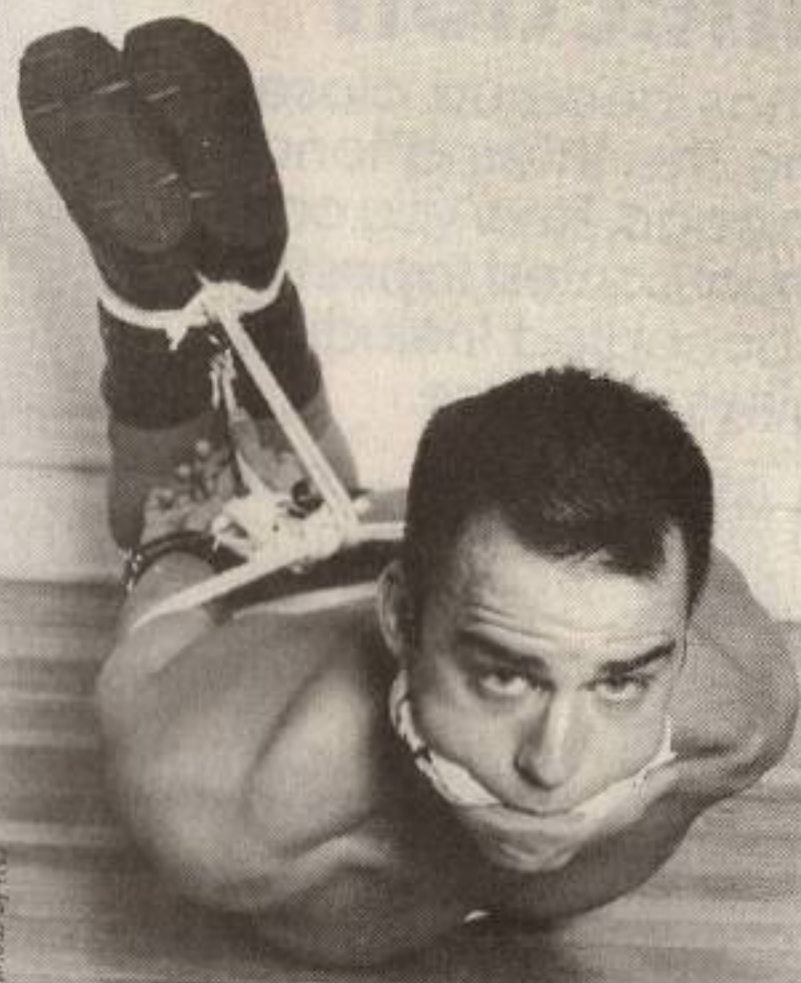


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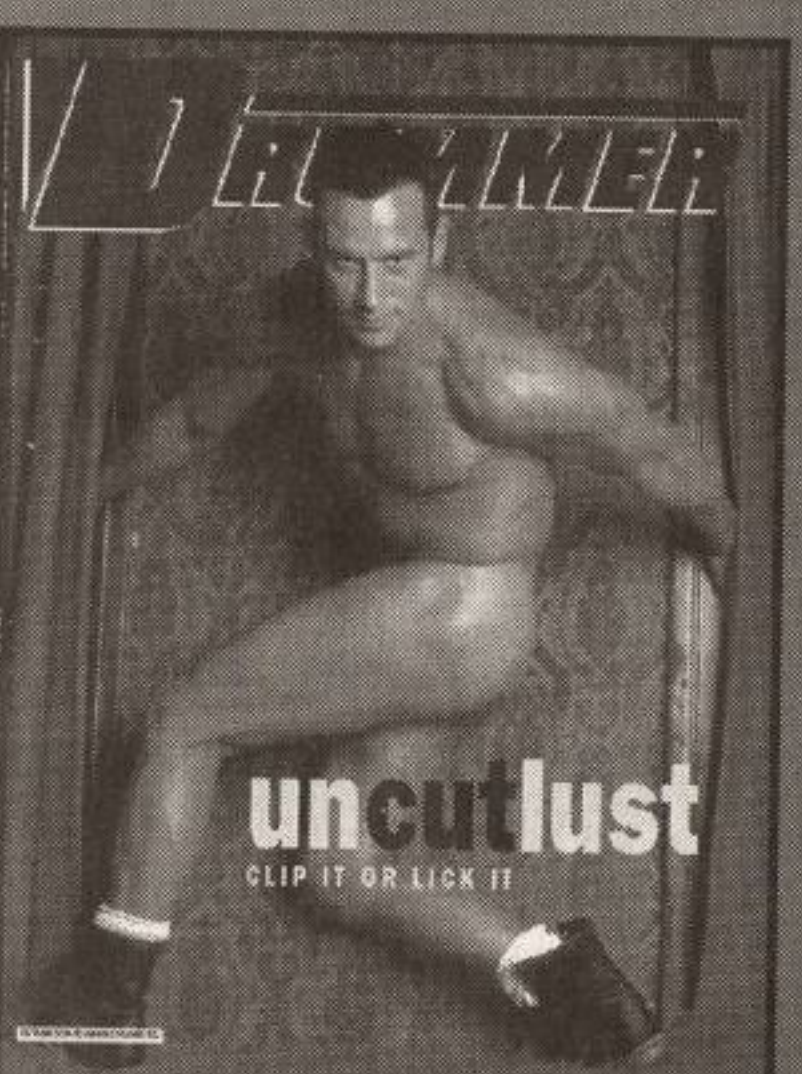
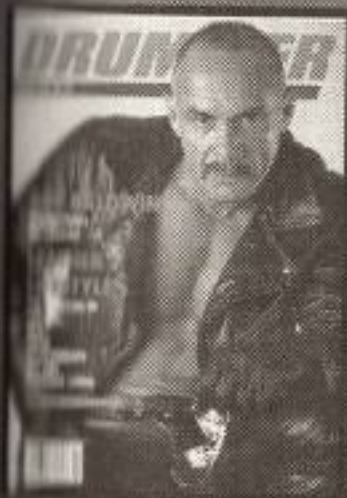
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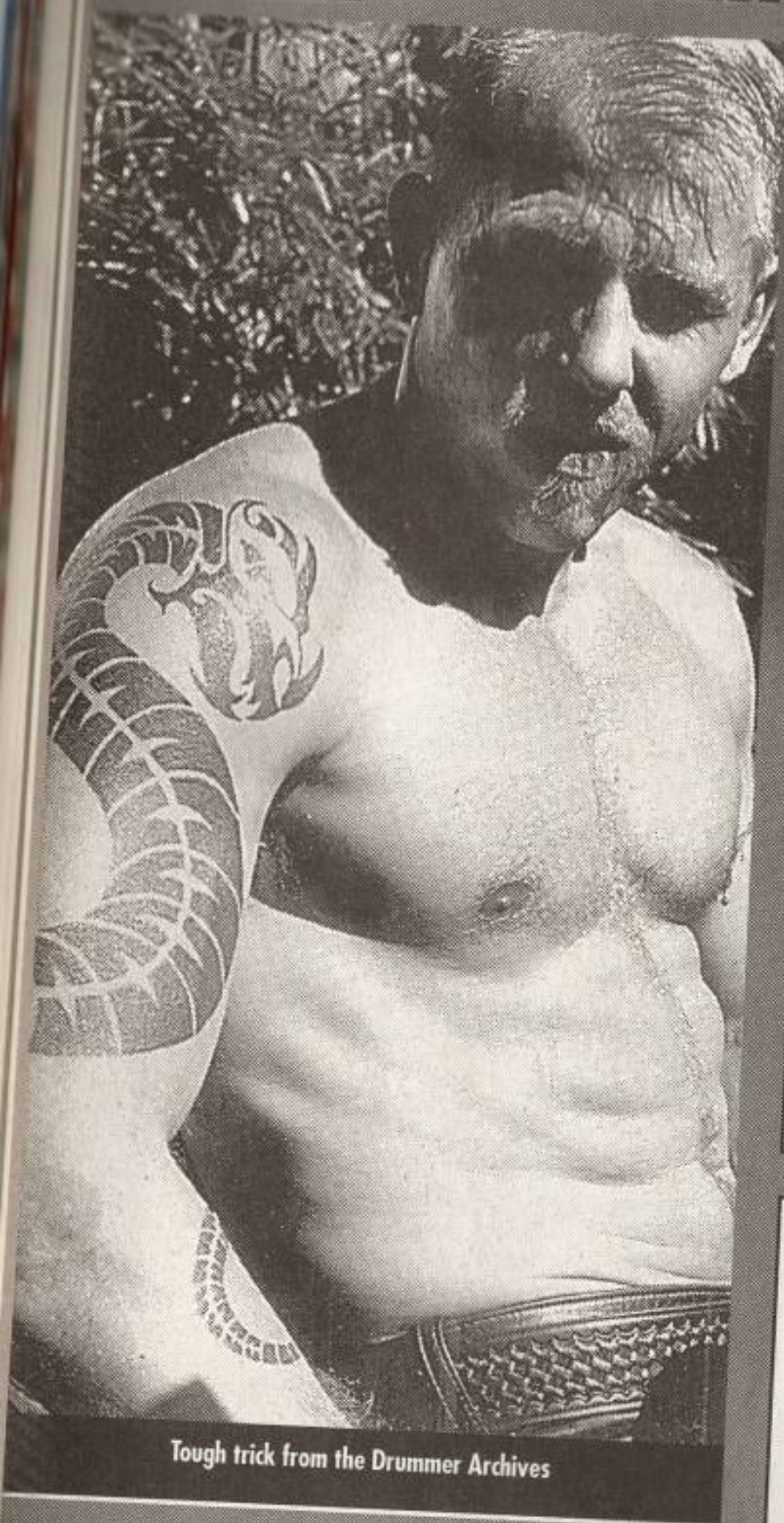
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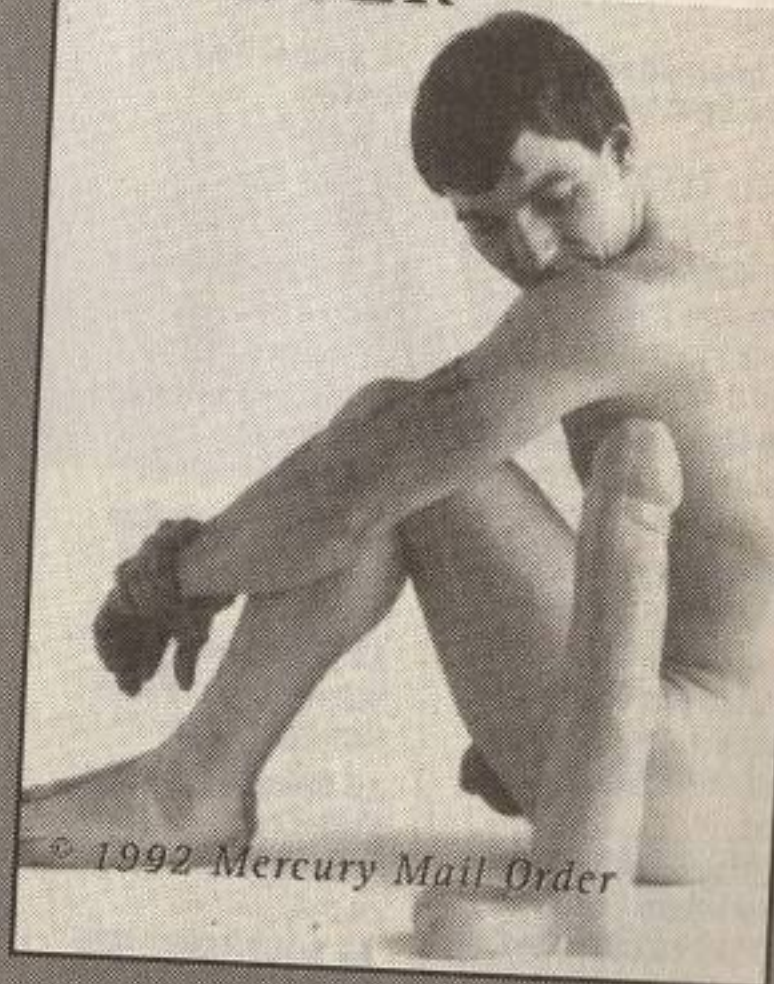
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# Tricks & Dicks Outdoors

*What makes a good sex park?*

BY DAN WILLIS

As a graduate student in the 70's, living in New York's Greenwich Village without much money but with a schedule that allowed for plenty of late-night salaciousness, this reporter was a frequent visitor to the empty trailer trucks that parked in the lots along Washington Street. It was enjoyable being in the open air and watching fellow seekers stroll between nearby depots, slipping into the empty open trucks parked in them.

But the many shortfalls became apparent after spending the daylight hours thinking about what makes for good urban design, not to mention public safety, given the preponderance of pickpockets, bashers, and the occasional squabble turned nasty. So, what characteristics make a particular park or public space good for finding or having sex?

While many outdoor cruising areas are natural, most urban ones are man made, including seemingly natural ones like the Ramble in New York's Central Park, the Fens in Boston and the area between the windmills in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. Once inside, the city disappears. Each has a network of paths leading to "rooms" variously sized for two or three or more, some opaque enough to provide the desired amount of privacy while leaving something for the voyeur. There are also many ways into and out of the sex areas.

Although these parks were carefully designed, they were planned for a broader use. It's not likely that Central Park's designer gave much

thought to the possibility that his pastoral scenes might include more honestly earthy activities and made his plans accordingly. That oversight led to adaptations simultaneously natural and man made. That is, the paths and/or "rooms" were made by men, but over a period of time and according to their urges rather than a thought out plan, the way cow paths are created. Popular sex spots in genuinely natural surroundings have also been altered in this way, as at Land's End in San Francisco or Fire Island's Meat Rack.

Other outdoor venues popular for cruising and sex eschew the faux idyllic for the forthrightly urban. In Paris, the Tuileries is as formal as any park or boulevard in that city. The French attention to long vistas does not conceal its urban setting but revels in it. The park's design as a promenade promotes a circulation pattern desirable for cruising. The trees that form the promenade and help frame its views provide plenty of cover after dusk, when more than just cruising becomes possible. Along one side of the park is the Seine River, with its walkway functioning as an elongated, winding cruising route, separated from the view of most passersby because it is below the street, level with the river. It passes under bridges that give plenty of cover for trysting (regardless of sexual preference).

Other urban parks where men like

to have sex include Carl Schurz Park and Riverside Park in Manhattan. Both sit beside rivers and combine elements of formal design, loosened up a little, with seemingly natural features. Ample and varied circulation patterns, pleasing vistas and small spots shielded from casual view are common to these parks, too.

Whether honestly urban or apparently natural, men have chosen and altered countless outdoor spaces for use as sex parks. But outdoor places where men have sex with other men are often absent in neighborhoods where they are most needed. Sometimes this unmet demand finds men cruising in places which are less than ideal but offer just enough privacy for fast furtive fun. Such spots do not get altered much and may function over a period of time. The type of location often varies. It could be an alleyway, a dark pier, or, as in my Greenwich Village of the 70's, the trucks on Washington Street.

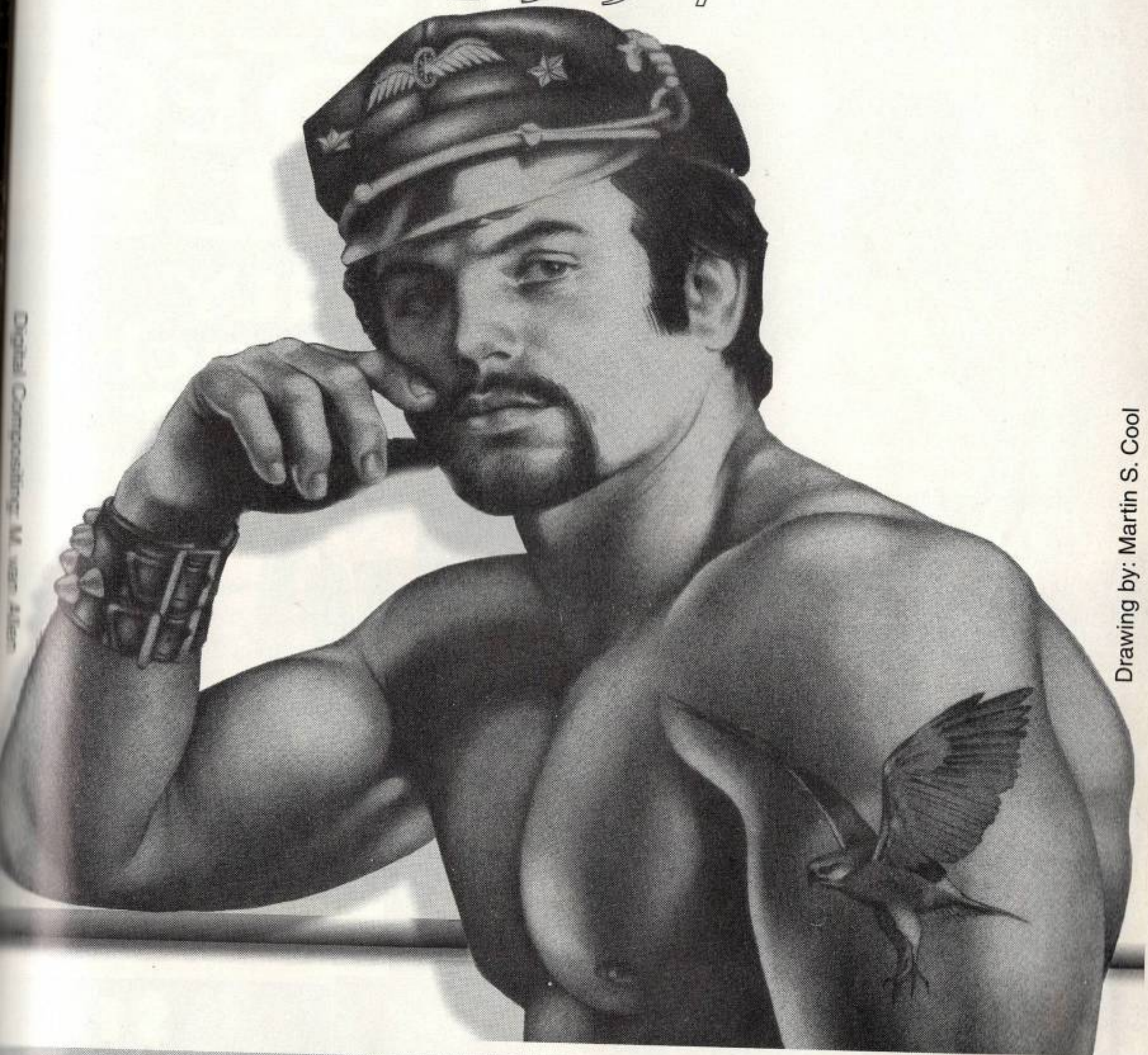
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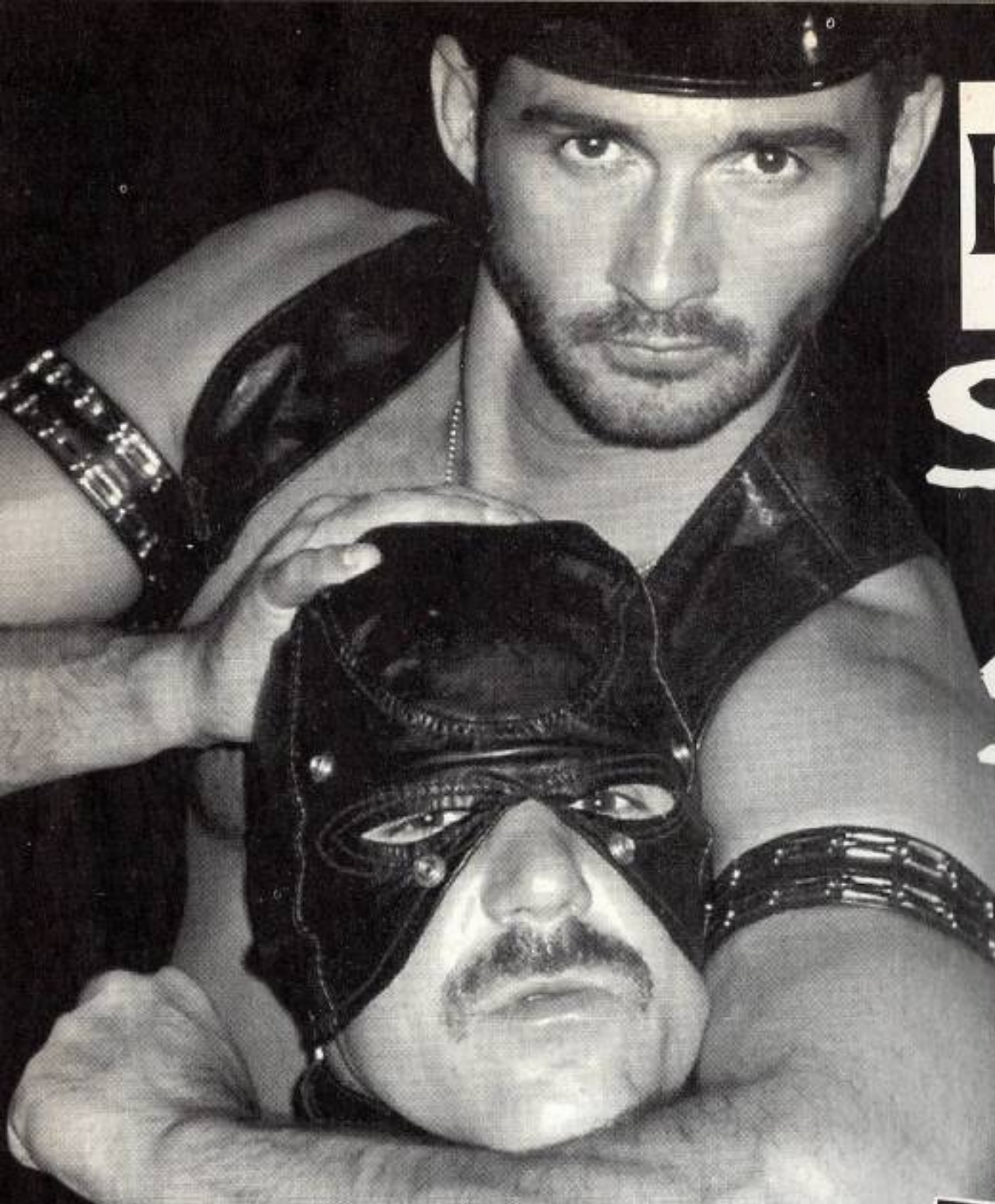
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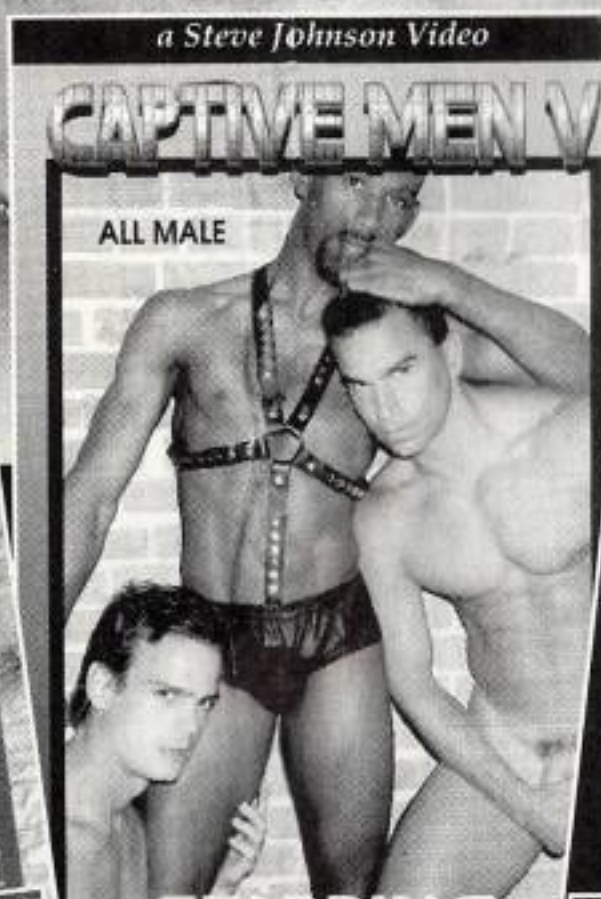
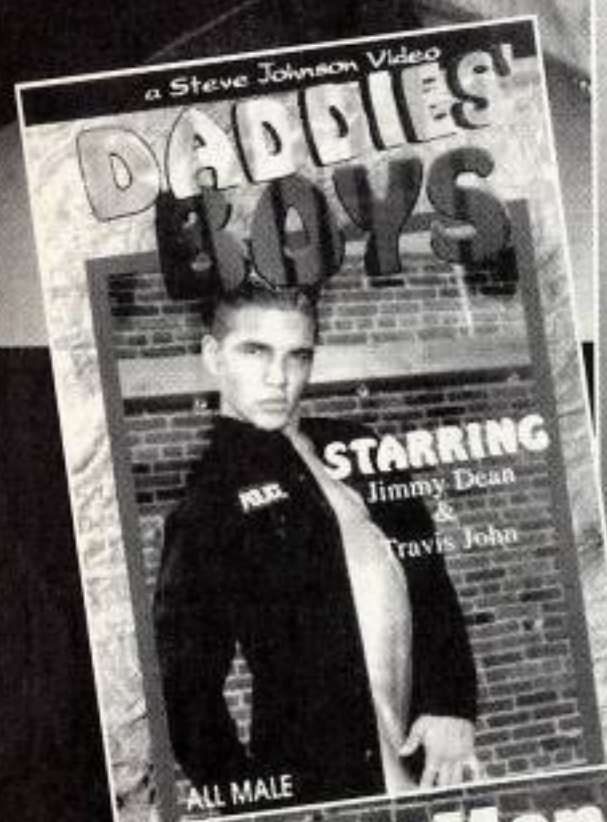




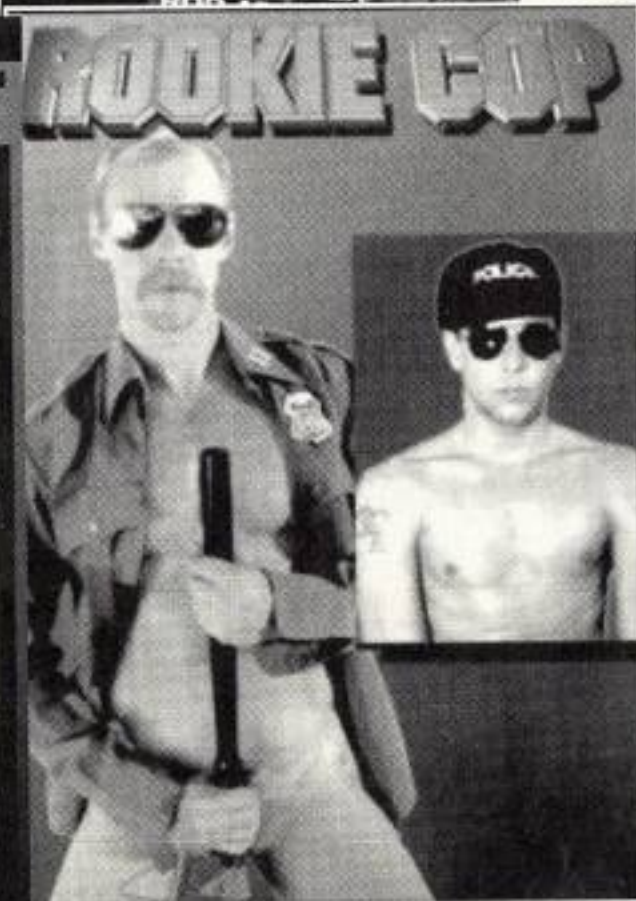
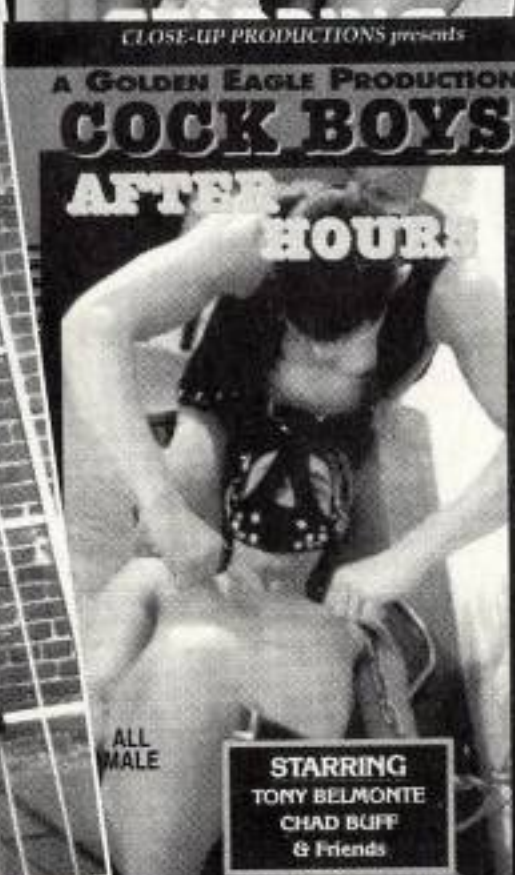
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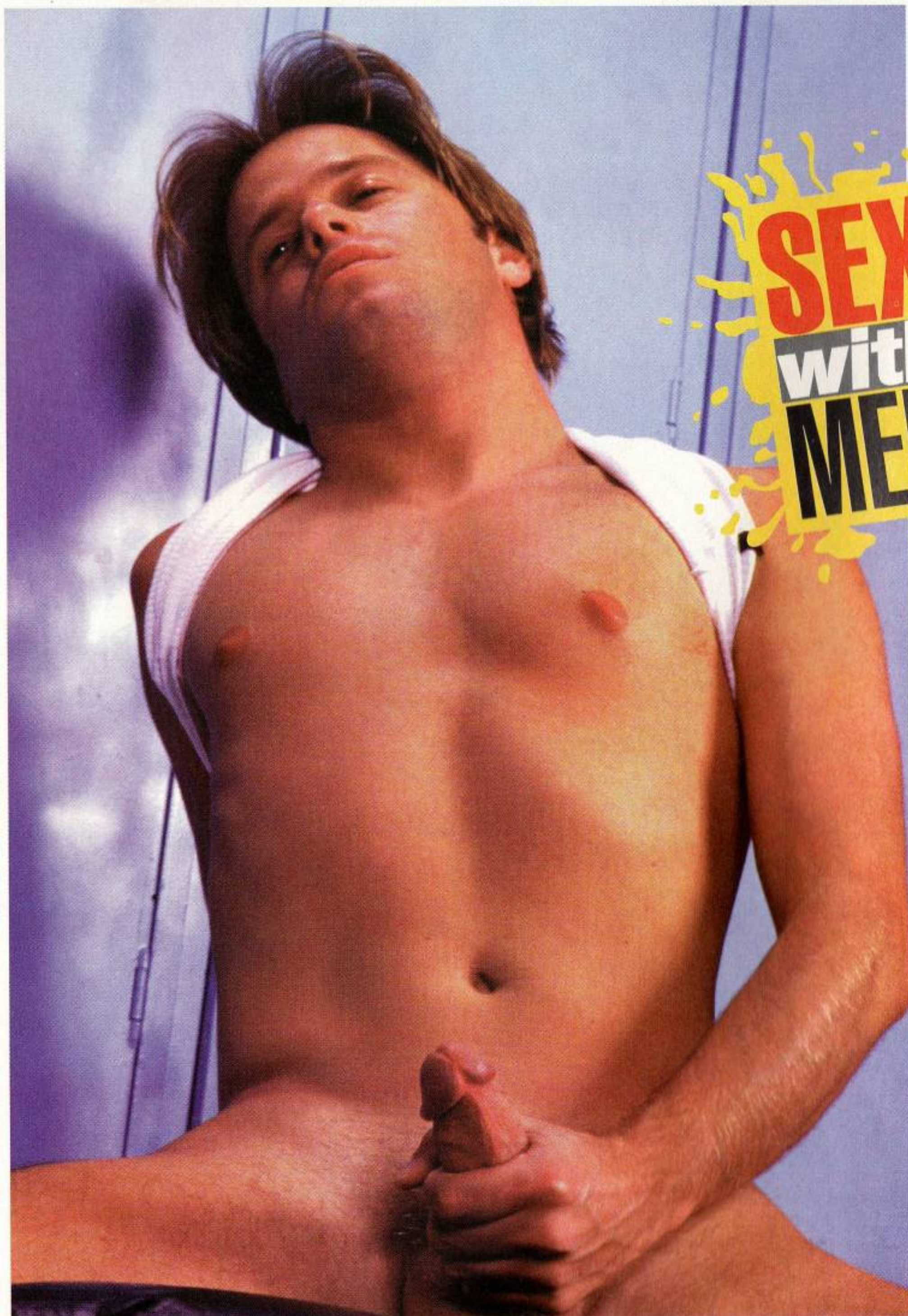
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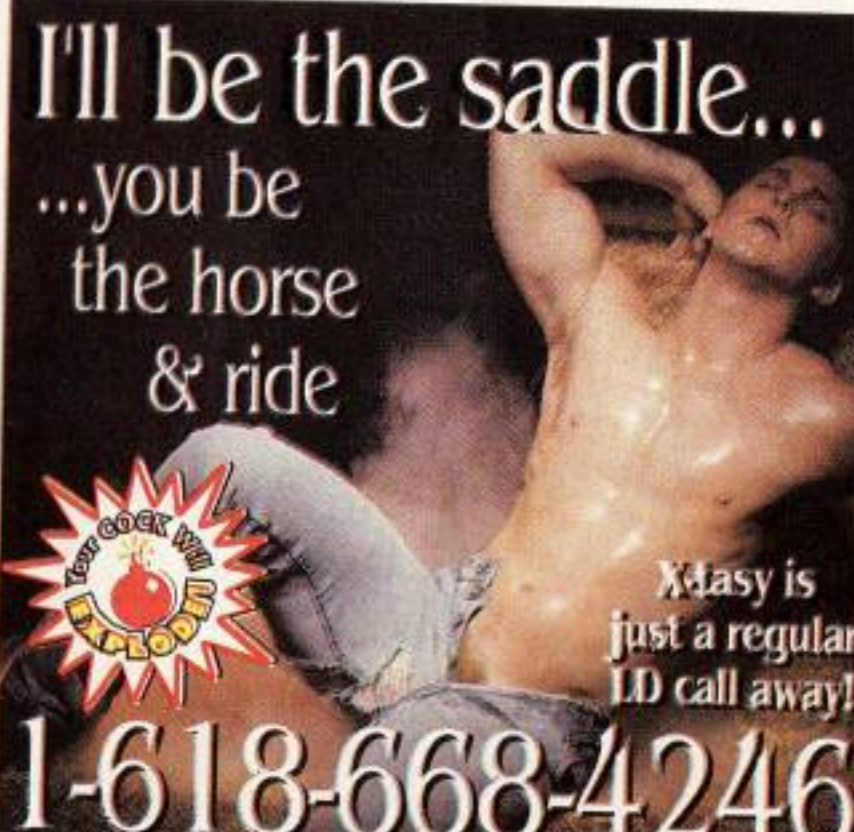
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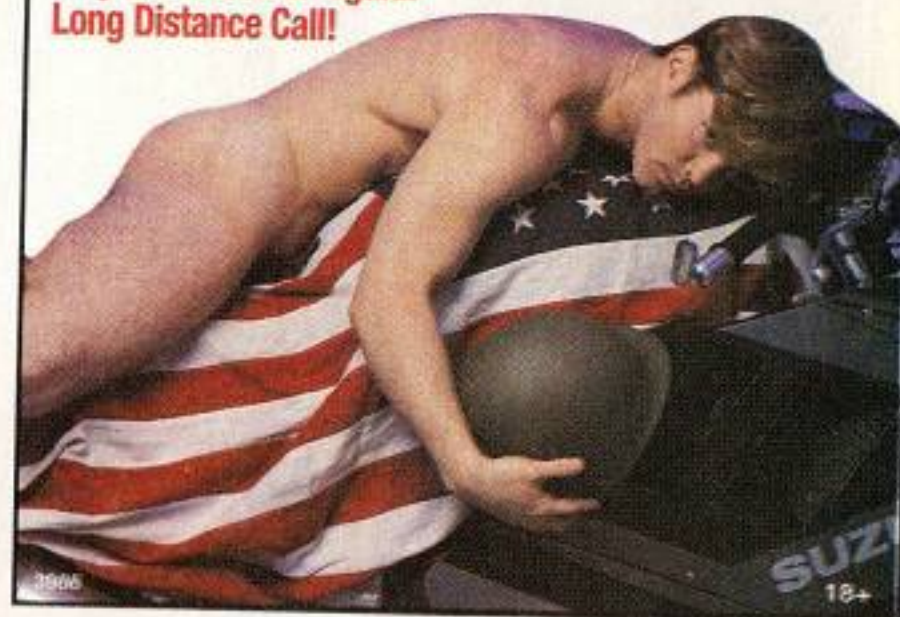
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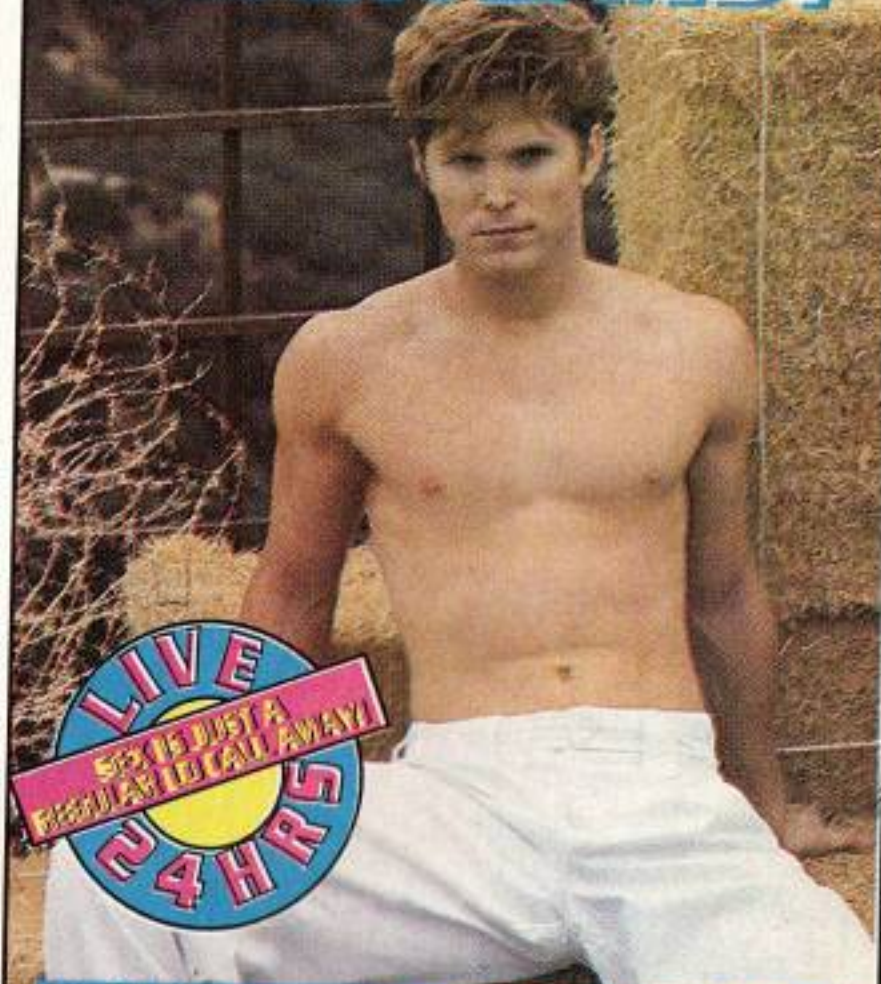
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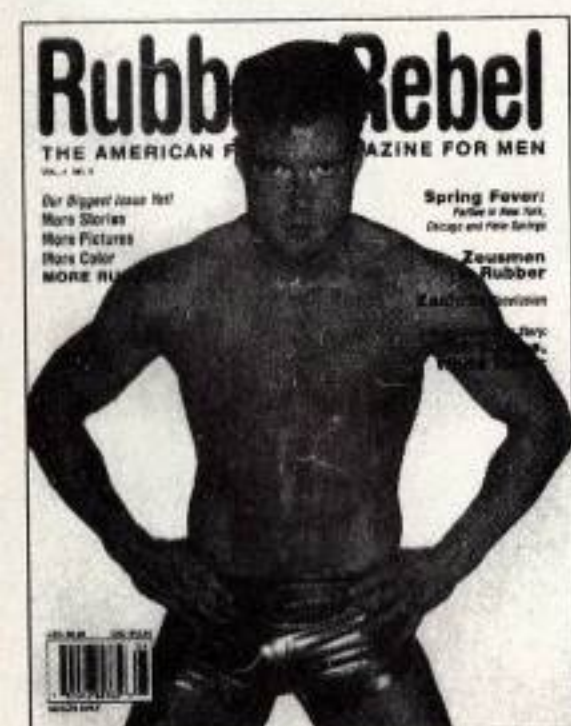
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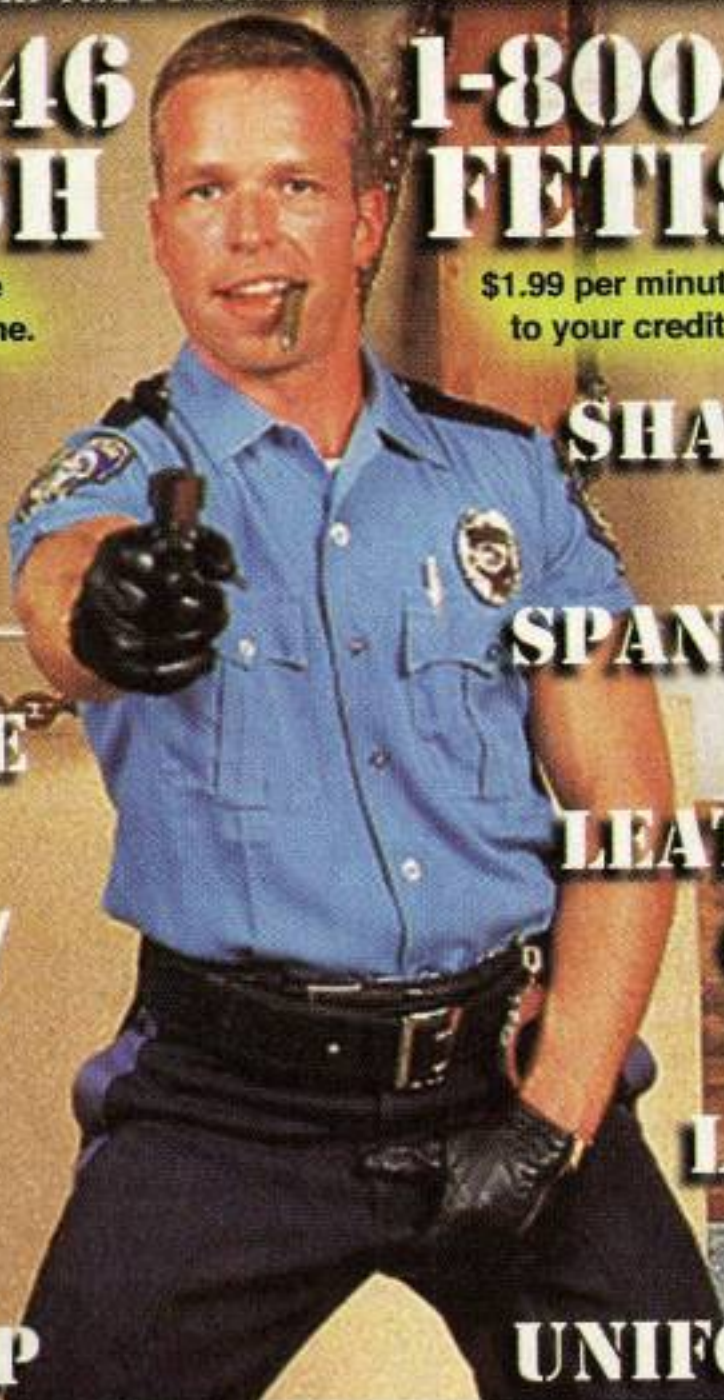
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HUNGRY  
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\$2.98 PER MIN. VISA OR M/C OR CHECK BY PHONE.

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YOUR  
MOUTH!**

**OR WRAP  
YOUR  
TONGUE  
AROUND IT!**

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THE HOTTEST PHONE SEX AROUND!

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2 6 2 5

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**LIVE SEX!**

**CUM GET LAID!**

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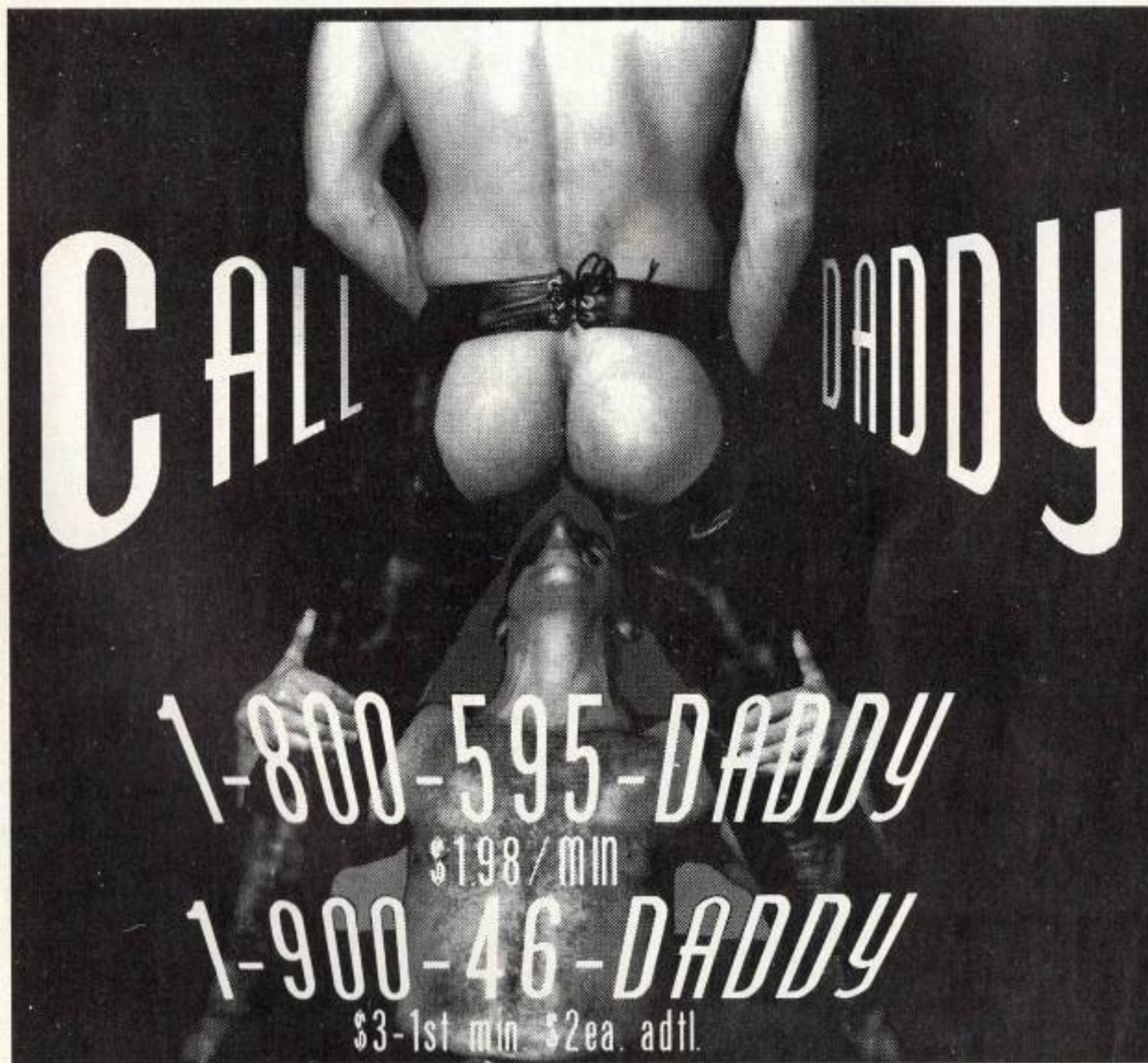
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**CUM GET FUCKED!**  
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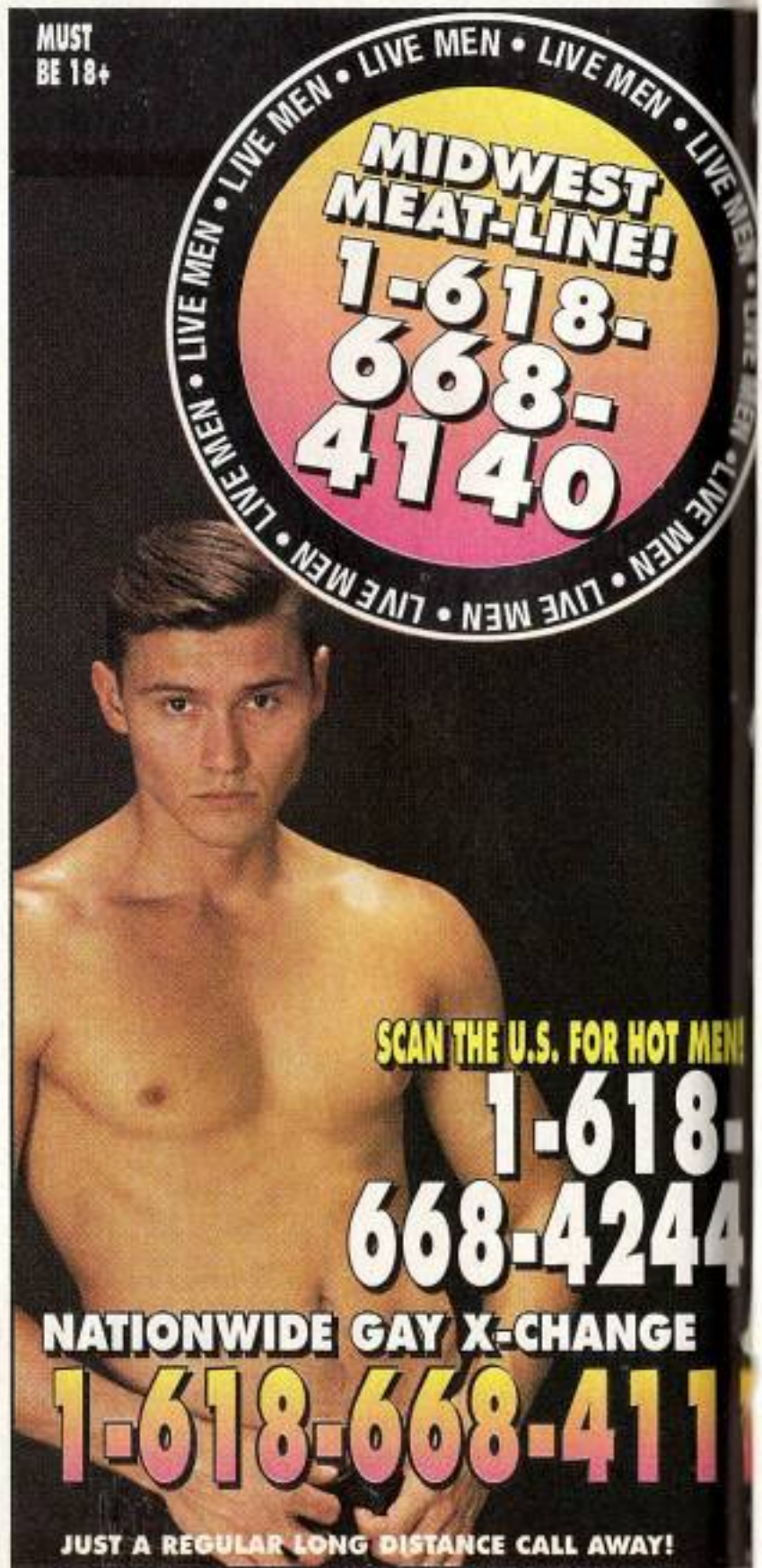
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**MUST BE 18+**

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